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THE BYSTANDER, FEBRUARY 3, 1937.

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Pola Negri returns to the Screen in "Mazurka"

Mazurka is Pola Negri's first film since *A Woman Commands*, and it puts the great Polish star of the silent days into the rôle of a mother murderess; her daughter is exquisitely played by a seventeen-year-old Swedish discovery, Ingeborg Theek, who followed director Willi Forst around until he gave her a test. Reports from Paris, where *Mazurka* ran for five months, say that neither Miss Negri nor Forst has lost anything in touch (it's his first since *Unfinished Symphony* and *Maskerade*). *Mazurka* comes to the Curzon to-morrow

St. Moritz

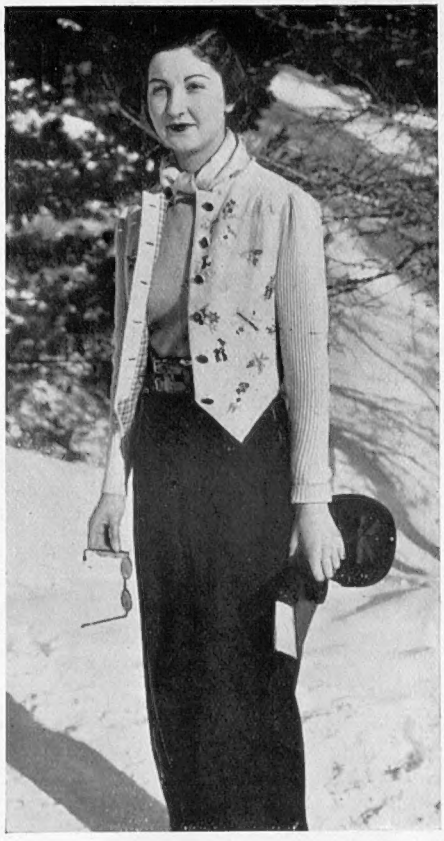
A Women's Page

Below: Mrs. Antony Acton was photographed sunning herself beside the skating rink at Suvretta House. She is Viscount Cowdray's cousin and married Antony Acton in 1932

Mrs. Antony Acton

At the Corviglia Club

Princess Aspasia of Greece, who was Mlle. Manos before her morganatic marriage to the late King Alexander, was with Countess "Wally" Castelbarco, Arturo Toscanini's daughter



Miss Bridget Smiley

Mrs. Denton Carlisle and her attractive ex-deb daughter were at St. Moritz together; Bridget Smiley's ski-ing waistcoat is china blue, embroidered with coloured wool figures

Mrs. Cecil Lawrence

Mrs. Cecil Lawrence is the wife of the clever young barrister and was off for her regular assiduous spell of nursery - sloping at St. Moritz

Mr. Howard and Lady Dunedin

Seymour Howard got into the women's page because he met the photographer with Lady Dunedin; she is an expert skater and out of the season practises regularly on a London rink

Mrs. de Rougemont and Mrs. Davis

Mrs. Eric Davis had just arrived from London and was still in travelling clothes; with her is Mrs. "Hughie" de Rougemont, daughter-in-law of the former Chairman of Lloyd's who was a cousin of the French de Rougemonts

The Passing Hour

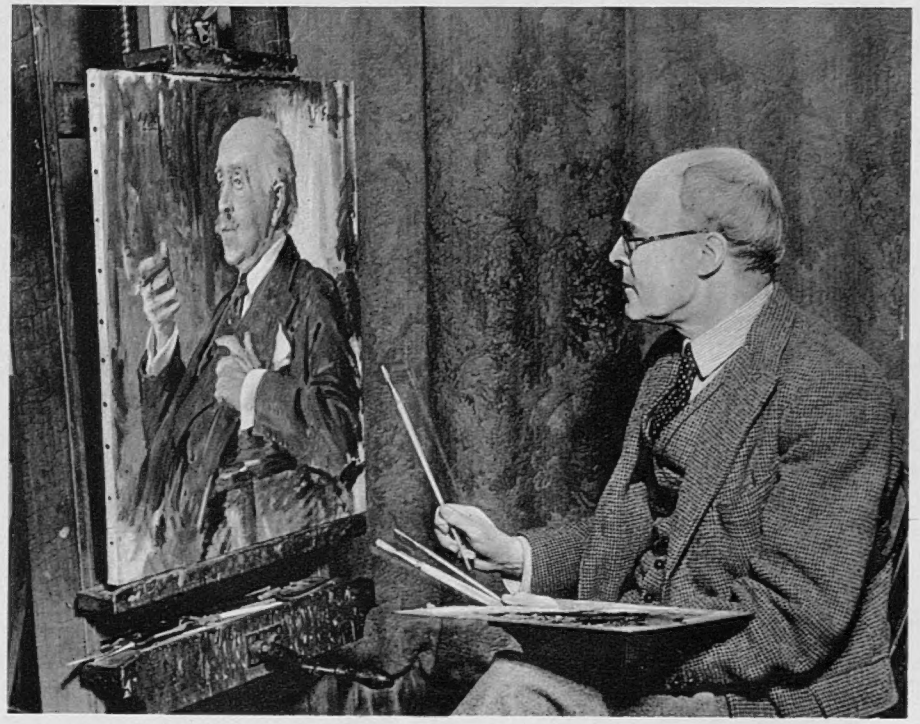
Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE vote of censure which the Opposition moved on the dismissal of the five dockyard workers led to a spirited debate in the House of Commons. The Labour argument was not that these men were innocent or guilty, but that they should have been allowed an opportunity of defending themselves. Sir Samuel Hoare replied that if there had been any sort of enquiry the men would have discovered the method by which the Secret Service went about its work, and that would have been contrary to the best interests of the State. The House was obviously uneasy about this line of defence.

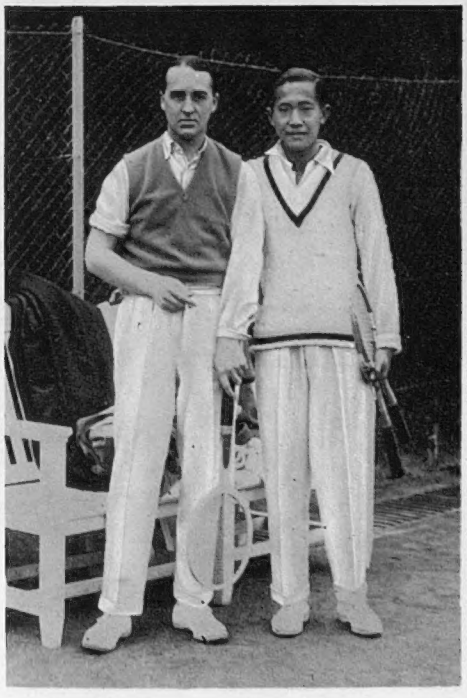
ONE thing emerged clearly from the debate, and that is the extraordinarily high level of loyalty among dockyard workers as a whole. Sir Samuel quoted five instances of sabotage in the Royal yards since 1933, and the number of men employed is round about forty thousand. The figures speak for themselves.

THE Government has yielded rightly, and gracefully, to the protests against the establishment of an aircraft factory at White Waltham, near Maidenhead. It was certainly a remarkable project. With the distressed areas crying out for work, with facilities of labour, power and transport in the North, Midlands, and South Wales, some brilliant official hit upon the idea of building a brand-new factory in the green fields of the rural South, where there is no labour, and no houses to accommodate the 5000 men who would have to be imported, at a spot which is not only vulnerable to hostile aircraft, but to which that aircraft would be readily guided by the ribbon of the Thames. Fortunately, common-sense has prevailed, and the factory goes to Lancashire.



Max Beerbohm, by R. G. Eves

Mr. R. G. Eves, an Associate of the R.A., is putting the finishing touches to the portrait of "Max," which he intends to submit for this year's Academy exhibition; his portraits are well known—last year he had one of the late Lord Jellicoe and one of Lord Hill at Burlington House, as well as a landscape fantasy, "The Sedge is Withered from the Lake." Meanwhile sixty-four-year-old Max Beerbohm visits this country all too seldom from his Rapallo Villa



The Season is on at Monte Carlo

Lord Birkenhead had been playing some tennis with Mr. Kho Sin Kie at the Monte Carlo Country Club, where the championships of Monaco will be played at the end of this month

Owen Nares was taking a well-earned holiday in Monte with his wife (who was Marie Polini) after a year and two months in Dodie Smith's amusing long-runner, "Call It a Day"

THE debate on the Air Force produced one surprising admission from Sir Thomas Inskip, and some surprising discrepancies of statistics. The Minister for Co-ordination of Defence said that the programme of expansion of the air defences of the country was 24 squadrons in arrears. Mr. Churchill proved irresistibly that this figure was eye-wash. Of the new squadrons no fewer than 22 consist of one flight only instead of three, and therefore the programme is, in effect, 46 squadrons in arrears. In the same way different Members of the House estimated the strength of the German air force as anything between 15,000 and 1,500. A pretty wide margin.

ANOTHER queer statement was made by Sir Thomas Inskip. He said that the Government did not propose to build air-raid dug-outs, because the experts said it would require twenty or twenty-five feet of concrete to keep out a 500-lb. bomb. In the War of 1914—1918, six feet of concrete, with a couple of air spaces, was enough to keep out a fifteen-inch shell which weighed about a ton and had a vastly greater striking power than any aeroplane-bomb. How expert are Sir Thomas' experts?

WHAT an astonishing set of people the official Labour Party consists of! They are pathetically short of talent. They are very short of votes; they are, for the most part, led by elderly trades-union officials, who are as woolly as Karl Marx's grandiose beard. Yet they

go out of their way to expel Sir Stafford Cripps from their official party. Sir Stafford may, and does, hold unorthodox views, but he is a brilliant debater and one of the very few men on the Labour side of the House who can trounce oratorically the Government benches.

Is it possible that Mr. Anthony Eden is staging a come-back as a European conciliator? There was a time when he was the wizard of Geneva who settled question after question by the force of his able and tactful personality. Then came a disastrous set-back when he attempted to tackle Signor Mussolini and found himself abandoned by his colleagues and left alone in the ring with that formidable all-in heavy-weight. For some time Mr. Eden was in eclipse. Now he has gone to Geneva and arranged a Franco-Turkish compromise over Alexandretta.

The town of Louisville, Kentucky, which is suffering so appallingly from floods and fire, is the "hometown" of Mr. Robert Bingham, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James. On an autumn afternoon there are few more beautiful views than the valley of the Ohio River from the wooded hills above the town. Kentucky is very like the South of England, with green fields and hedgerows and elm-trees, and, of course, racehorses, hunters, and packs of foxhounds.

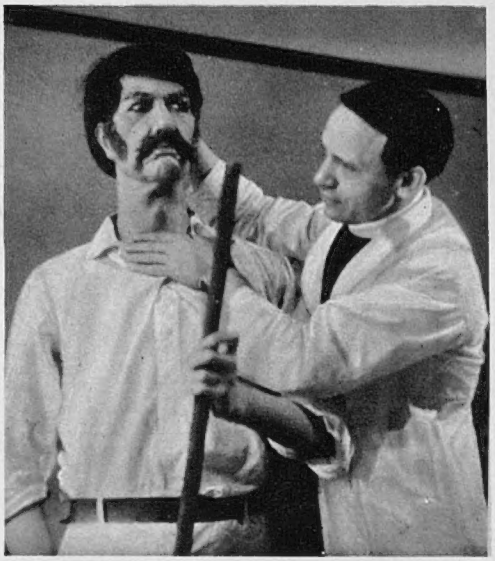
It would seem as if floods are likely to play a part also in the Spanish Civil War. Torrential rains have immobilised tanks and lorries, and the communications of both sides, never easy at the best of times in Spain, have become very difficult. In that country of mountains and narrow defiles, and fast-moving rivers, the water rises at a great pace, and it takes more than temporary bridges to stand up to it.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, son of a famous father, is giving a series of lectures in London, and in his first he handed a handsome bouquet to the old type of Indian Civil Servant. "Rarely have I seen benevolent autocracy better exemplified," said the gallant colonel, himself a distinguished colonial administrator. But he added that Britain's besetting sin in imperial matters was her "sensation of superiority." I think the colonel has spilt a bibful.

The fantastic Moscow trial continues upon its unbelievable way. The mass confessions have been as much a feature of it as they were of the Zinoviev trial, but no one seems any nearer to a solution. The two commonest explanations, of course, are torture and a mysterious hypnotic drug. A new and ingenious one which I heard a few days ago is that in return for these wholesale and sweeping confessions the prisoners are not executed at all, but are smuggled away to a sort of happy home in the Crimea or Caucasus. It seems just as likely, or unlikely, an idea as any other.

An evening newspaper recently published a report, with large headlines, to the effect that the Commissioners of Crown Lands were intending to knock down the beautiful Regency squares and streets to the east of Regent's Park, and build vast blocks of flats on the sites. The Minister of Agriculture, who is also the responsible Commissioner, has now categorically denied that any of the squares or open spaces will be built over, nor will any of the terraces fronting the park be rebuilt. This is satisfactory so far as it goes. But the Minister is careful not to say that the houses in the Regency squares will not be rebuilt, and it looks very much as if Nash's houses there will go the same way as his Regent Street and his Number 4, Carlton Gardens.

After the conviction of the Welsh Nationalists on the charge of setting fire to an aerodrome, a private Bill may be introduced into Parliament to give accused Welshmen—or anyone else—the right of speaking in court in their own language. Shakespeare, of course, had a line about the singular connection between arson and aerodromes when he made Cleopatra say "I am fire and air."



Presuming on Dr. Livingstone

The Rev. E. S. Fellowes-Farrow is putting the finishing touches to a model of Dr. Livingstone, part of the striking exhibition he has built and organised and which the Emperor of Abyssinia opened at the Kingsway Hall last week. The aim of the show is to bring home vividly to the public the work that is going on in the missionary field

The British Union of Fascists is in favour of returning Tanganyika to the German Government. This is another of the two million points in which I find myself in disagreement with the B.F.'s. As an alternative and constructive suggestion, what about keeping Tanganyika and giving the British Union of Fascists to Germany?

It is always a melancholy thing for a journalist when he sees a colleague suffer a shattering professional blow. That is my feeling when I read that Mr. Douglas Jardine had announced publicly that he prefers big-game hunting to cricket. What on earth will Mr. Bevan Wyndham-Lewis do now? It is true that he still has Archdeacon Hobbs, but what is an archdeacon to a man who has lost his archbishop to a pack of hyænas, bison, moose, giraffes or whatever animal it is that Mr. Jardine assaults in his spare time?

The first report that Mr. Humbert Wolfe had escaped from the Ministry of Labour and was at large in Oxfordshire caused a wave of panic among the free-verse poets at present in captivity in the University of Oxford. It was assumed that any of the young men who strayed from the organised exercise-parties might be pulled down by the giant savage and battered over the head with an anapæst or mauled with a heavy spondee. Later reports of the true nature of the wolf reassured the young gentlemen, and the convoy system with armed guards has been abandoned.

Meeting Paris Members of the Gardenia Club

Lady Chamberlain, Lady Cahn and Mme. Norman Bohn received the guests at the Bal Gardénia, organised by the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society. This international tableful shows (going round clockwise from the left) the Comtesse de Kerdrel, the Hon. Leo and Mrs. Russell, the Comte de Kerdrel, Miss Pamela Wickham, the Vicomte de Kerdrel, Mlle. Raya Dembo and Mr. Charles Graves

After the Shower

A Cameo in Trafalgar Square : by Norman Parkinson

The Earl Marshal's Wedding

Fayer of Vienna

The Wedding Group

The Brompton Oratory, second largest Roman Catholic church in London, was packed with a distinguished congregation for the wedding of the Duke of Norfolk to the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, only daughter of Lord Belper and the Countess of Rosebery. The bride's mother held a huge reception afterwards at 38, Berkeley Square where this photograph was taken. The best man was Lord Eldon ; the bridesmaids were Lady Katherine and Lady Winifride Howard, Lady Anne Bridgeman, the Hon. Pamela Digby, Miss Gillian Drummond and Miss Nancy Malcolmson ; the pages were Robin Herbert, Timothy Hunloke, Bob McCreery, John Scrope, George Vivian-Smith and Michael Watt

The Arrival of Wedding Guests — Seven from Several Hundred

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, and Prince Arthur of Connaught headed the long list of wedding guests ; these snapshots of some of the younger ones show (left to right) Lady Moyra Ponsonby and her mother, Lady Bessborough, the Hon. Nefertari Bethell and Miss Clive, Lady O'Neill, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Herbert

The Duke of Norfolk marries the Hon. Lavinia Strutt

Popular enthusiasm at the wedding surpassed its own records for non-royal occasions; traffic was held up, despite elaborate regulations, crowds broke through the police cordons at marriage and reception to clamber on to vantage points, and mirrors were much in evidence, as you can see on the left

On the right is a close-up of the scene above as England's Premier Duke and hereditary Earl Marshal led his bride out of the church. The Duke of Norfolk is the leading layman of English Roman Catholicism—the late Duke, also married at the Oratory, was largely responsible for bringing the Oratorians to London

Mr. Sparke Davies and Miss Deuchar

Edward Sparke Davies, son of the late L. J. Sparke Davies and Mrs. Davies, of Jersey, married Pam Deuchar at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Deuchar's daughter and a popular member of the North Berwick set, where her parents live

Catherine Bell

Mr. Boggis-Rolfe and Miss McLeod

Paul Boggis-Rolfe and Juliet McLeod were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Boggis-Rolfe, of The Grange, Warmingford, Essex; she is the late Major Norman McLeod and Mrs. McLeod's only daughter

Mr. Stewart-Mackenzie and Miss Lyell

The Mercers' Chapel, Cheapside, was the choice of the Hon. Francis Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth and Laetitia Lyell for their wedding last week. He is Lord and Lady Midleton's elder son and she is the only daughter of the late Hon. Charles Lyell and the Hon. Mrs. Lyell, of Kinnordy

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THE Norfolk-Strutt wedding was the big event of the day last Wednesday, the evening culminating with the Gardenia Club Ball at Claridge's and a film premiere in Leicester Square.

The young Duchess of Norfolk looked really alarmed, we hear, at the colossal crowd which, in its "determined-to-see" thousands, must have been quite terrifying.

What makes up this immense army of women who fight and struggle and are willing to suffer cold and hunger to see a fashionable wedding? How have they the time to waste, the energy to get there, even to see a young and charming girl marry England's Premier Duke? All we know of the wedding of the year is that the Berkeley Square traffic was entirely disorganised, and it took us twenty minutes in a quick-ticking taxi to get up Dover Street!

Red Foxes for a Star

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY was disappointed that there were no arc-lights illuminating Leicester Square to herald the film premiere of *The Beloved Enemy*, but on reaching the theatre we realised how unnecessary they would have been.

Famous beauties, film stars and their directors, all were there for their fans to gasp and gaze at. Merle Oberon, the heroine of the evening, never looked more beautiful than in a white chiffon dress and short coat made entirely of red foxes. Anna Lee, the blonde little English star, was with her in an ultra-simple, high black dress. Mr. and Mrs. Brockhurst (his portrait of Merle is nearly finished) were there, and Mrs. Mary Booker, in a long, picturesque coat of green and gold brocade. She is a great friend of Merle Oberon, and they go everywhere together when the latter is over here.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Sweeny as chairman, and to Mrs. Frank Braham, the queen of organisers, for making about £1500 for so good a cause as the training and teaching of the blind.

Off to Nassau

WE saw both Mrs. Sweeny and Miss Oberon afterwards at the Café de Paris, which, being extension night, was chock-a-block. As usual, we thought Miss Susan Bligh, in a black dress with an orchid in her hair, the prettiest girl in the room; Mr. Bobbie Sweeny the best dancer on the floor. Lady Moira Forbes was there with her brother and Count Rossi, whom we last saw in St. Moritz.

The Rupert Byasses, country cousins these days, arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, who are off to New York and Nassau this week.

Back from the East

ON an evening when four or six people decide to dine at home quietly, the men in dinner jackets and the women in feminine equivalents, a late cinema is often the outcome.

At the Empire the other evening we saw Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, the latter just back from a long business-and-pleasure trip to the Far East; the "Patsy" Richardsons and Mr. Leonard Govett, who are all come-backs from St. Moritz.

It is hard not to pop into the Café de Paris for a night-cap on the balcony when you have got the habit, and there quite by accident we found one of the funniest cabaret turns we have seen for years, Mr. Jimmie Savo, a quiet little man with comic methods very much his own, who immediately endeared himself to the Café audience.

The young Mark Pilkingtons were there with Mr. Bobbie Sweeny and the Hon. Eddie Ward, who is going to St. Moritz next week. His sister, Lady Morvyth Benson, was there, too, in white and with flowers in her dark hair.

Lord Petre was dancing with the Hon. Sally Banbury, while the John Morrisons and Nigel Gunnis's looked down from the balcony.

Quietness of Good Dancing

LYS GAUTY will be a success at the Ritz. She reminds us of Lucienne Boyer and includes both French and English songs in her repertoire.

On her opening night, Miss Dorothy Dickson was there, supping with Mr. Peter Stewart, and showing us when she danced with Mr. Walter Crisholm how quietly and unobtrusively good dancers perform on a dance floor.

Mrs. Eddie Compton, looking very handsome in a white dress, was in a party with Lady Stanley; Lady Moira Combe in a white chiffon blouse and

Lord Swinfen and Miss Farmar

Lord Swinfen, the only son of the late Lord Swinfen and Lady Swinfen, married Mary Farmar, the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. M. Farmar, of Queen's Gate, at All Hallows', Barking-by-the-Tower. They have chosen the U.S.A. for their honeymoon

long black skirt, was the prettiest woman in the room. She still looks frail after her recent operation for appendicitis, and is contemplating a short trip abroad in search of sunshine.

So Incongruous!

LIVELY accounts of motor races and tennis tournaments from Monte Carlo inspire us with a wistful longing for spring at its best, sunny terraces, a gay casino, and amusing cosmopolitan society.

We simply ache to pack up the best of last summer's clothes, plus a fur coat (so incongruous!), change our overdraft into francs, and accept a lift in a motor-car that is soon going South.

Both Cannes and Monte Carlo have never been gayer or fuller, and we hear of galas at the Ambassadeurs, of Mme. Dubonnet's clothes, of the re-opening of the Sydney Vandenbergh's lovely villa up on the Californie side, and of large dinner-parties given by Mrs. Simon Brand.

The Best Nurse

THE Arctic weather and piercing wind last week did one good thing—it made Lady Charles Cavendish prolong her visit to Mrs. James Field. The thought of the Irish Channel and a night crossing in such weather were unthinkable.

It did a bad thing in hindering Lady Plunket's recovery. She has been ill ever since her return from St. Moritz two weeks ago, and although nursed devotedly by her husband, whom she declares is the best nurse in the world, is only just reaching the convalescent stage.

Another invalid we hear of with much regret is the popular young Maharaja of Jaipur, who is in Vienna suffering from an injury to his spine sustained at polo.

Swiss Postscript

THE season at St. Moritz has now got its "second wind." Although there have been many departures during the past few days the number of new arrivals is steadily on the increase. At the moment of writing Lord and Lady Haddington have just stepped off the "Engadine Express." She looks lovelier than ever and very thrilled at being back here again. After about a fortnight's stay they plan to go on to Austria, where they may possibly take a house at Kitzbühel. Lady Alexandra Haig was to have come out with them, but a sudden attack of 'flu laid her low at the last moment, which was unlucky. She will most probably join the party later. In the meantime, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper is taking her place.

The weather is simply wonderful, day after day of blazing sunshine—there has scarcely been a cloud in the sky for weeks. However, the "knowing" ones now say that a snowstorm is on the way, which is a trifle disconcerting.

Family Parties

THE Christmas holidays may be over but at Suvretta family parties still predominate. Mrs. Denton Carlisle is there with her son Michael, who 's in the Rifle Brigade, and lovely daughter Bridget Smiley; also her husband and sub-debutante Jacqueline Carlisle. Then there 's Lord Lamington's charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Victor Cochrane-Baillie, with her little niece, Teresa Follett, who has become so addicted to skating that she firmly refuses to leave the ice for a moment longer than is absolutely necessary.

Mrs. Leo Lonsdale, wife of the celebrated Cresta rider, has just left for London to take her boy, Norman, back to school, but will be returning again shortly. Mrs. Antony Acton is bewailing the fact that she has not brought her little girl out, though perhaps it is a trifle premature to start winter-sporting at the tender age of three.

Also residing at this Alpine palace are Lord and Lady Sysonby, young Sir Richard Sykes, another recent arrival, who complains that his legs still feel as if they were made of cotton-wool but comes down from Corviglia in fine style; Sir Gifford Fox and his tall, fair-haired wife, an essentially energetic couple who accomplish the longest runs in the minimum time; also Monsieur Titulescu, the former Rumanian Foreign Minister, who, as a non-ski-er, puts up a creditable performance on foot—never averaging less than five miles a day.

Limpers

So many people limp that those who don't feel quite out of it. Pretty Lavinia Pearson has sprained an ankle, but is now feeling strong enough to leave her bed and sun-bathe in a chair by the rink. On the whole, casualties are few, and upon inquiry the majority of "ailments" are attributed to "morning stiffness."

MISS PEEPS

Lady Elizabeth Murray and Mr. Michael Crichton

The patrons of the Café de Paris above are Lady Elizabeth Murray, back from St. Moritz, and Michael Crichton; those on the right are Rosemary Davidson-Houston, with her fiancé, Tom Butler. He is Sir Richard and Lady Butler's Guardsman son

Mr. Tom Butler and Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston

Two More Weddings

The Lord Chamberlain's Daughter and Sir Hubert Gough's Daughter Get Married

Lenare

Capt. Montagu-Jones and Miss Denise Gough

Capt. Ronald Montagu-Jones, R.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Montagu-Jones, of Swanage, Dorset, married Denise Marguerite Gough at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. She is General Sir Hubert and Lady Gough's youngest daughter; her elder sister Myrtle married Major Eric Dutton in November

Mr. Mervyn Vernon and Lady Violet Baring

Their marriage was at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks; Mervyn Vernon is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vernon, of Bishop's Lydeard, Somerset. Lady Violet is the Earl and Countess of Cromer's younger daughter. Afterwards a reception was held at 18, Carlton House Terrace, lent by Major the Hon. J. J. and Lady Violet Astor, the bride's uncle and aunt

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 5

Sir Stephen Tallents

SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS, B.B.C. Controller of Public Relations, is a charming, restless man who smokes a pipe, scribbles on bits of paper when thinking and moves from one chair to the next. But then, he has been around quite a bit. Take Whitehall, for example. He began at the Board of Trade, investigating such important matters as the colour-blindness of master mariners, and the comparative popularity of sweetened and unsweetened condensed milk. Thence to the Ministry of Labour to help inaugurate Unemployment Insurance. Then after active service with the Irish Guards and a severe wound at Festubert he limped across to the Ministry of Munitions and had a row with Kitchener over the exemption of men so employed. Thence he made his way to the Ministry of Food, where he had to work out food rationing with Sir William Beveridge. So much for Whitehall.

IN 1919 he found himself in Poland as chief British delegate for relief work; Commissioner in the Baltic Provinces and Governor of Riga in 1920; and in 1921 Private Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland. Next year he was Imperial Secretary of Northern Ireland, and then, after being Secretary to the Cabinet Committee on the General Strike in 1926, he became Secretary of the Empire Marketing Board and was told that he had a million a year to spend. Yet another job intervened between that and his present one—he became Public Relations Officer at the Post Office. Which all sounds so much like the illustrious family of the Marshmallows of Hogs Norton that I almost suspect Gillie Potter of plagiarism. This allegory, though, is unfair. Each new job that has come Sir Stephen's way has been earned by the success with which he tackled the previous one. He really seems—or so Arthur Wimperis would probably say—a Pandora of all the talents.

TO-DAY he commutes between Portland Place and St. John's Jerusalem, once a Commandery of the Knights of that Order near Dartford, in Kent; is devoted to country life, and is called at seven a.m. to enable him to do at least an hour's work before breakfast on his willows and osiers which he cultivates specially; wields a pretty scythe; likes curried rabbit and foie gras and children (of which latter he has four); dislikes pomposity and dining out, unless there is a special reason for it; shuts one eye and looks at you with the other, head cocked on one side; writes well enough to be a professional author; speaks good French and an intelligible Russian; was the first to institute regular conferences with the Press at the B.B.C.; seldom goes to the theatre or cinema; wears a soft black hat; reads little; married the great granddaughter of Paxton, the man who built the Crystal Palace, and is himself a great grandson of Cubitt, the architect responsible for so much of nineteenth-century London. Originally of French extraction, noticeable for his strong eyebrows and slight limp, educated at Harrow and Balliol, Sir Stephen Tallents seems to be holding down a rather difficult job with considerable ease.

Charles Graves

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Nichevo! Nichevo!" Niki (Clifford Mollison) and Masha (Betty Warren)

"Balalaika" (His Majesty's)

SITTING at this highly efficient rhapsody in uniforms, it is odd to remember how, in pre-war days, indignant meetings were held throughout our country to protest against the iniquities of the then Russian Government.

That the Tsar was cruel, that his entourage was idle, hedonistic and effete, that his people were uneducated and oppressed, that Finland was a martyr, that Siberia was an oubliette, that Russia itself was the scene of a vast, grim game of knouts and crosses—such was the picture. But such, of course, is not the picture at His Majesty's, whither *Balalaika* has just migrated, for Eric Maschwitz, author of the book, is out to persuade us that a count's a count for a' that.

And very persuasive, with the help of what must be something like ten thousand pounds' worth of production, he is. Who, with such scenery, such costumes, and such music, would not sigh even for the days of the dear old Spanish Inquisition? After all, the Inquisitors themselves must have had a very pleasant time of it.

ALTHOUGH there are no big stars in *Balalaika*, I don't see how it could fail, once it has established itself, to run. The humour may be weak, but the sentiment is so powerful that there has been nothing to touch it since *Bitter Sweet*. And what a gallery of pictures the audience carries away in its memory!

There is the rehearsal-room in the Marinsky Theatre, where the ballet girls perform their practice until the officers burst in on them to upset any ideas you may have cherished that you were looking at a Degas. There is the Balalaika Restaurant, a plein air nocturne, where the gypsies sing ancestral masterpieces until the story intervenes, to dissipate all danger of comparison with *La Chauve-Souris*.

There are the regimental headquarters in Galicia (more *Chauve*—or *rechauffé-Souris*), with the snow falling outside as the mud-stained soldiers revive their spirits with old choruses. There is the full-dress first-night ballet before the Tsar that is almost as good as a full-dress first-night ballet until a bomb explodes in the Tsar's box, to remind you that this is only a musical play after all.

And at the finish, there is the Balalaika Cabaret in Montmartre where the Russian exiles sing for their supper and revive old times, and where Count Peter Karagin (our gallant hero) now earns an undignified living as a dancing partner, to stand white, trembling, and impotent when one of the more ill-mannered guests addresses him as "You lousy gigolo!"

IF you know anything about anything, you will recognise from this last quotation that *Balalaika* cannot essentially be a first-class work of art. But that does not prevent it from being, of its kind, a very good entertainment, well ahead of nine sentimental rivals out of ten. In every department one feels that the responsible directors know their job. Leontine Sagan has excelled herself, and Walford Hyden's orchestra is superb.

As for the performers, they serve if they do not startle. Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville, hero and heroine, are discoveries not likely to be soon laid aside. Betty Warren invests every square inch of her soubrette with vigour, while Clifford Mollison—what is there new to say of Clifford Mollison? Only, perhaps, that if, in his next show, he does yet *another* comic dance with a large woman who throws him about and ends by carrying him off, I think I really shall scream. Nor will I be turned out of the theatre, for the applause of the audience when this immemorial rite is performed is still so vociferous that lions might roar unheard.

Sketches by Rouson

The Old Russia—cossack with dancer: Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus

The New Russia—bolshie with bomb: Marakov (Arthur Hardy)

Dennis Arundell as Lord Peter

Veronica Turleigh as Harriet

Roger Maxwell as Puffet

Norman V. Norman as Bunter

Photographs by John Everard

"Busman's Honeymoon"

The Detective Play at the Comedy

Dorothy Sayers collaborated with St. Clare Byrne to put her detective novels' hero and heroine on the stage in *Busman's Honeymoon*. The discovery of a body in Lord and Lady Peter Wimsey's honeymoon cottage forms the plot; Dennis Arundell, as Wimsey, and Veronica Turleigh, as his wife, maintain a fairly high standard of interest throughout three acts of its development. The necessary humorous padding is adequately inserted by Christine Silver, Martin Lewis and Norman V. Norman with Barrie Livesey as the villain of the piece. Beatrice Wilson produced

Most of the Characters and all the Clues (Except the Body) are in this Picture

Signposts to the Snowfields

They Chose Austria

A Snow and Sun Cameo from Kitzbühel

Sitting and Drinking in the Sun

You can gauge the kind of weather they were having in Kitzbühel by Lord Clydesdale's dazzled smile; with him, in the polar bear jacket, is Miss Gundula Feldner

Mr. Claude Partridge was about to help himself to cream (or whatever it is) from the pot in front of his wife; she was Iris Franks, they have a small son, and he is out there with them at Kitzbühel, whence they go to Vienna until the coronation draws near

Below are Mr. John Maude, wearing his gold K, and the Hon. Doreen Gibbs; she is the late Lord and Lady Wraxall's only child and half-sister of the present baron, who will be nine in coronation month

Above: Miss Anne Hoare was photographed while waiting for the cable railway to the Hahnekamm; she is Mrs. Reginald Hoare's ex-deb daughter

Below are Miss Margaret Drummond, eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Drummond, British Ambassador in Rome, and the Hon. Lady Drummond, and Donna Isabella Orsini, H.S.H. Principe Orsini's daughter and scion of the house that traditionally led the Guelph faction in Italy

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE faint aroma of a more leisurely and, in some ways, more educated age floated above the usual miasmic effluviæ of the House of Commons the other day, when Mr. Ramsbotham, Minister of Pensions, quoted a Vergilian tag on the second reading of the Levy Subsidy Bill on beef imports. It was the mellow old crack about farmers not knowing when they 're well off—" O fortunatos nimium," etc.—and, as might be expected, it fell completely flat. The time is no more when the big boys like Palmerston and Gladstone and Co. could come down to the House of an evening and roll off fifty or a hundred Greek and Latin hexameters as a matter of routine, getting a big hand for it, as well.

One explanation of this cultured spirit, at least in the great Pitt's time, is that everybody in the House was pretty full of wine after dinner, including Pitt. With a couple of quarts of Bellamy's port under the bellyband, M.P.'s were about ripe for listening to a few quotations in the golden Latin tongue, even in the barbarous English pronunciation which kills half its music stone-dead. Most of them had been flogged forty or fifty years before for hoggish stupidity in connection with these same tags, and this memory no doubt made them feel even more cosy. The Victorian House of Commons, which also recognised a tag when it heard it, was mostly in the same receptive state. The attitude of the modern House is that of the *Express's* Parliamentary boy, who dismissed Mr. Ramsbotham and Vergil together pretty snootily with a remark about a " dead language," which Latin certainly isn't at any time.

Nor, sometimes, is (ancient) Greek, as H. V. Morton discovered recently when a Greek shepherd read him aloud a poem of Sappho's. Can you, incidentally, imagine a modern English shepherd taking pleasure in reading aloud a poem of Caedmon, or even Chaucer ?

Promise, Huh ?

MOST of us are aware of what the promises of blondes and politicians are worth, but did you know that the Bank of England fools the citizenry with an equally cynical zest ? Lord Desborough pointed out the other day that that promise signed by the Cashier of the Bank, on the back of every £5-note to pay bearer on demand the sum of five pounds means nothing at all. The Cashier can't (or won't) pay you five gold sovereigns for your note, because every sovereign is now worth thirty shillings, and the populace would storm the place ; and he can't pay you out in silver because anything above forty shillings is not legal tender. There is, we believe, the same legal snag about being paid in copper ; and even if there weren't, a nice ass you 'd look staggering away with a sack of 1200 pennies — or, if the Cashier didn't like your face, as is more than likely, 2400 halfpennies !

So there it is : exactly the sort of laughing, false promise business men get on seeing off the midnight Brighton train from Victoria. And that reminds us of another way in which Bureaucracy toys with the public—namely, that notice in post-offices warning you that the postmaster is neither authorised to give change nor demand it. This means, presumably, that if you have nothing less than a pound note and only want to buy a 1½d. stamp, deadlock may ensue. Two possible ways out may occur to the thoughtful : (*a*) you can buy post-office goods up to the value of your pound, including at least one stamp ; and (*b*) you can work on the postmaster's sensual nature by selling him a kiss from some actress (summoned on the spot) for three-halfpence cash down, proceeding then to purchase your stamp in the normal way. The drawback here, we 're told, is that women don't much like being kissed by postmasters. The process is said to resemble banging a rubber stamp on a registered package.

" He says the mood has passed "

Poohbah Corner

NOT long ago, Dr. Paul Schilder, psychiatrist at New York University, took a swipe at *Alice in Wonderland* as a story of cruelty and danger, poisonous to the infant mind, the work of a man with " preponderant oral sadistic trends of a cannibalistic nature." Dr. Schilder said he preferred *Mother Goose*. Now another pundit, Dr. Allan Abbott of Colombia University, has rushed into the limelight with an attack on *Mother Goose*, which, he says, fills the childish mind with " erroneous notions about natural phenomena and social relations." Nobody knows why these donnish imbecilities crop up from time to time. They bobbed up first in Russia when the Soviets were quite young, if you remember. Lunacharsky, Minister of Education, wanted to purge fairy-tales of their capitalist atmosphere, and got a lot of publicity out of that.

G. K. Chesterton, who loved and defended childhood and fairy-tales—didn't he once prove that the basic theme of *Cinderella* is the theme of the Magnificat ?—should be alive to blow this latest cretinism away in a huge gust of laughter. The idea of a stiff American don " improving " the charming old tales, first collected in Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* about 1679, in the interests of modern economics, sociology, and half-baked Nordic psychology, would have seemed to Chesterton a deliciously idiotic jest. At the same time, he 'd be perfectly aware of its more sinister implications, and would have dealt faithfully with them also. The fairy-tale has no such champion now.

However, everything moves towards its end, and in a hundred years' time it 'll probably be the turn of the big present-day fairy-tale boys, Freud, Wells, and Co., to attract the pundits' attention. That 'll be a real laugh for somebody, too ; of a different kind, however.

Medicine and Duty

FORCED, though struggling desperately with influenza, to sing his rôle at Covent Garden the other night—his substitute being stricken even worse—Dino Borgoli got through it pretty well. But it struck us at the time that if the character he represented actually *had* influenza (" So-and-So," the programme would say, " in love with Francesca, and has influenza "), the whole thing would have been perfect. It only needed an aria " Ah, scusa ! " (" Forgive me, I do feel so awful ") immediately following the principal love scene, to clinch the matter and get rounds of sympathetic applause from every invalid present.

Homer's heroes, as somebody once complained, never get toothache, and Grand Opera is also pretty upstage about the kinds of illness it recognises. Violetta and Mimi die of consumption amid a wealth of song, and if Armand had chilblains and Rodolphe mumps at the same time, why not ? It wouldn't do any harm to give them a few bars complaining about *their* ailments, either. We 're especially thinking of the case of Lieut. Pinkerton, U.S.N., in *Butterfly*. Puccini actually wanted him to have jaundice, to fit him into the general colour scheme, but Belasco, his librettist, wouldn't hear of it. " Listen," said Belasco " he 's yellow enough already, the way he treats that baby." " My point," said Puccini, " is that if he had a yellow face and sang a stave or two about having jaundice he 'd not clash so much with the Japanese, and we 'd get a lot of letters from people about it too.' " Hell to that," said stubborn old Belasco, " they 'll *know* he 's yellow when they see him walking out on that Japanese cutie, the nicest sweetest kid," said Belasco, wiping his eyes, " a naval guy could ever wish to meet up with, colour or no colour." So in the end they compromised by giving Pinkerton shingles, which, of course, are under his uniform, and can't be seen.

" Of course, if you bought it, Sir, you could clean the whole thing "

" Sorry, Madam. But we don't allow visitors to handle the snakes "

Hat

THE evolution of the béret becomes more and more interesting. Quite a few years ago it was hardly worn outside its native Basque country and the North of Spain. You connected it vaguely with St. Jean-de-Luz and the Toro de Fuego and pelota courts, the mule-paths of the Pyrenees and the smashes of Borotra. Swiftly and suddenly it conquered the sportifs of France, equally swiftly it spread among British sports with motor-bikes, and now it has become a political symbol in the East. Kemal Ataturk having banished the fez and substituted the ignoble bowler or the yet drabber cloth cap, making the once picturesque Turk look like a Huddersfield dustman off duty, tactful foreign Moslems having business in Turkey wear the béret. The *Times* reported

further the other day that in the autonomous sanjak of Alexandretta, where there has been a Franco-Syrian-Turkish fuss, the pro-Turks wear caps, the pro-Syrians fezzes, and the moderates bérets.

It is actually—speaking of the plain Basque béret—the most sensible headgear in the world. It is cheap, comfortable, and æsthetically satisfying in its simple way. You can wear it in all weathers and sleep in it. It fits the head snugly, and takes up no space at all in bag or pocket. Also it lends the dullest and most ham-like Nordic face a Southern air of vitality and intelligence, though the peculiar widespread Nordic habit of wearing plus-fours at the same time doesn't help the illusion much. But it is in the Pyrenees that the values of the béret assume significance. Like those rope-soled shoes called alpargatas, it is part of the high hills and the wisdom of the men who tread them. Try scrambling up a steep rocky muletrack with leather boots on, and before long you will be yelling in agony for your valet. Try the same climb with anything else on your head but a béret, and the mocking devils who haunt Los Altos will drive you mad with fear and visions and probably shove you over a precipice.

Fun City

A CITIZEN of Salonika has been arrested for being engaged to 130 girls at once and getting money from each. (He kept a card-index.) There is a peculiarly Thessalonican fragrance about this story, as of the wild thyme which grows so freely on the hills around, where the gentle shepherds in hairy cloaks look exactly, except for a battered gent's straw boater, as they did when St. Paul saw them.

The best story about modern Salonika is called *A Salonique, Sous l'Œil des Dieux*, by an author whose name we forget; a rollicking, cynical story of the rise of a young Zaharoff from the gutter to affluence, published a few years ago. One incident among a dozen in it, that of a party of our Greek wartime allies reluctantly rushing a Bulgarian post with a few bottles of champagne, to show they meant the gentlemen no harm, is probably authentic. The Levantine comedy has never been so perfectly understood and jovially conveyed. But indeed to anyone who remembers those wartime cabarets at the White Tower, that motley mob of musical-comedy uniforms, those hoarse raddled houris, the touts, the ponces, the spies, the drunks, that indescribably raffish atmosphere of patchouli and Macedonian cigarettes and morose debauchery, the account of the 130-girl-power gentleman itself brings back Salonika like a waft of its own mixed perfumes. They say the town has changed a lot—except the Old Town—since the great fire some years ago, but its merry inhabitants evidently haven't. The youthful shoeblack in the French story lays the foundation of his fortunes by passing off a young and attractive girl-friend as his sister and selling her regularly to Greek majors. It 's much the same line of business.

Now that Baghdad is modernised and Kemal has deprived Constantinople of all its filthy picturesqueness, Salonika must be the last Arabian Nights city left. You can have it, at that.

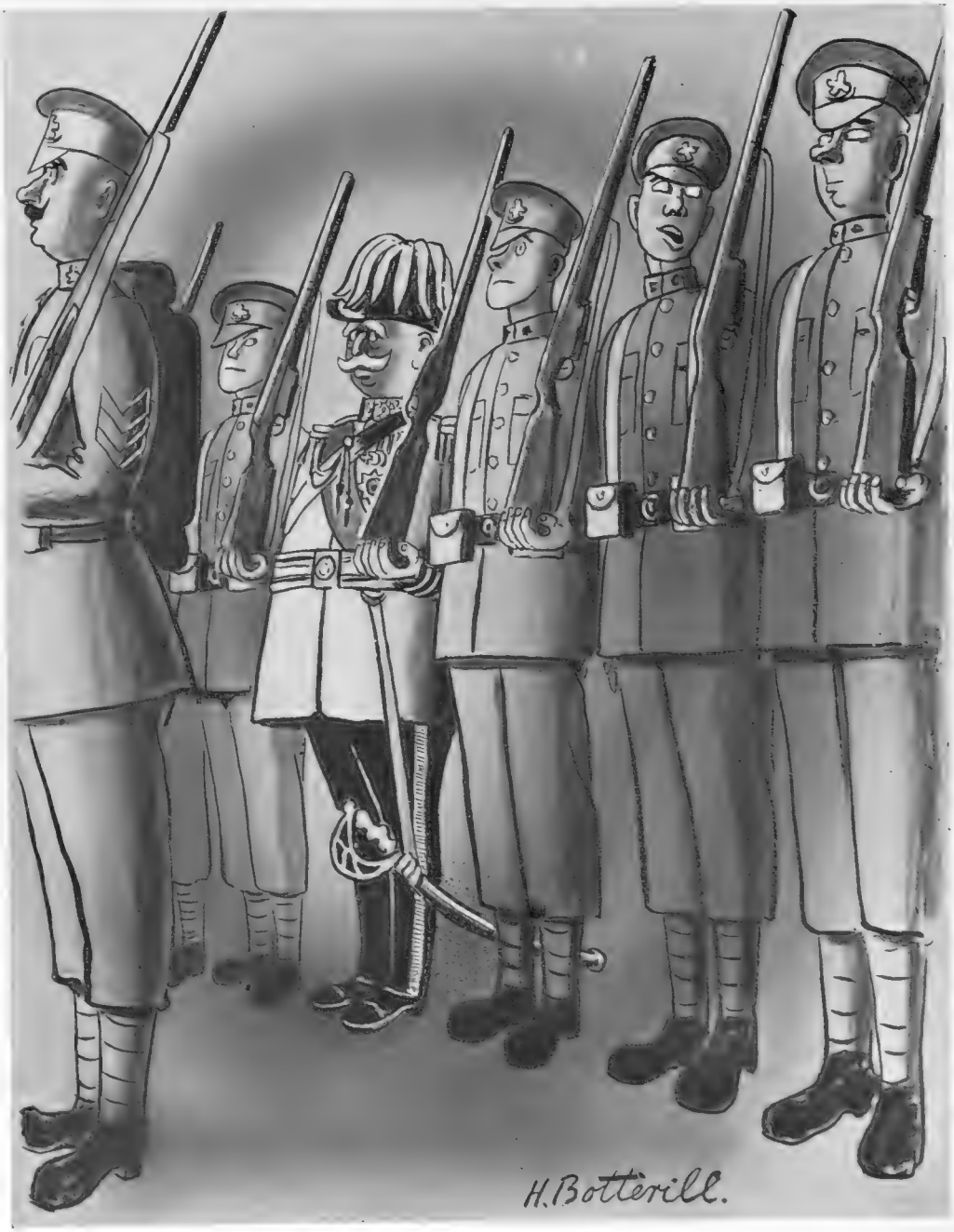
Fan-Tods Dept.

JOLLY old *Izvestia*, the Moscow daily, has set a new "high" in descriptive journalism. Referring to its late leader-writer, Mr. Radek, now mixed up in the anti-Stalin plot, it calls him "a wriggling hypocrite and a venomous Trotskyist viper, who hid behind a flattering smile his venomous teeth" This has greatly scandalised the gentle Fleet Street boys, who are much too keen on decency and good form to carry on like that, and scared stiff of libel actions also.

Lady Houston's *Saturday Review* now and again gave us a faint touch of the real thing, and, of course, you get it daily in the *Action Française*; but there 's no real criticism in this country nowadays, and it 's a pretty unhealthy sign. We 're of the opinion of the Editor of the *Morning Glory and Johnson County Warwhoop* when he corrected Mark Twain's first leading article, shoving in a few more "besotted scoundrels" and "crawling blackguards," while revolver shots hummed all round him, and hand-grenades exploded down the chimney, and bricks flew past his ears, damaging Mr. Twain to a certain extent. "Mush-and-milk journalism," said the Editor frankly, "give me the fan-tods."

Anything but a mush-and-milk diet appears to react on the modern British public very disturbingly. Recollect the other day that unfortunate Anglican prelate who ventured an extremely mild criticism of certain social circles, raising howls of indignation. It had never happened before, and it probably won't again.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He 's been reduced to the ranks"

Films of the Day

Miss Wessely Does It Again : By George Campbell

PAULA WESSELY has pulled it off again. To recommend *Ernte* (*Harvest*) as entertainment comparable with *Maskerade* or *So Ended a Great Love* would be foolish : the three productions have little in common except the charm of Miss Wessely's personality and the virtuosity of her acting. It is enough to say that while *Ernte* makes no pretence to the wit and gaiety of *Maskerade*, I found it every bit as interesting. No better film, in its quiet, unshowy way, has ever come out of Vienna.

A versatile creature, this Wessely. In *So Ended a Great Love* she gave a memorable performance as the poor little princess Napoleon wooed so ardently (by proxy). In *Ernte* she plays a peasant girl ; and when I say peasant, I don't mean one of Marie Antoinette's young ladies, all curls and musical comedy apron, coyly approaching a cow on the wrong side. Her Hungarian farm hand is the real thing, from the square toes of her heavy boots to the square, sturdy shoulders, and the broad, honest face innocent of coquetry and cosmetics.

The plot is simple. The Rittmeister Karl von Tamassy, an aristocratic guardsman, succeeds to the family estates—castle, broad acres, an army of retainers. He finds that his imperious old father has mortgaged it all ; when debts have been cleared up, and he has let the castle, he has just sixty acres and a bailiff's cottage left.

Now I cannot help feeling that in real life the guardsman, with powerful friends at court, would have sold or let the sixty acres, too, and gone back to the city in search of a comfortable Army job, or an heiress, or both. Perhaps he is contemplating this procedure when he lines up the servants, and dismisses them all, only to find the last and humblest lingering behind. Why isn't she pushing off to get her wages, too ? Because, as she explains with that practical sincerity that is one of the charms of this picture, she has no wages owing to her. Where is she going, then ? She doesn't want to go anywhere. She wants to stay and help the Rittmeister farm his land. Sixty acres will harvest so much wheat. With the profits they can buy back five acres next year, and the next year a little more, and so on. I leave it to mathematically minded readers to work out, with the aid of whatever calculus is appropriate, just how many years it will take the Rittmeister to win back the original five thousand acres, merely remarking by the way that with Miss Wessely always handy it will probably seem shorter. She helps in the ploughing—for you may have noticed that in Hungary it takes one person to guide the plough and another to hold the reins ; she sows and grooms the horses and cooks and scrubs and mends and cleans the Rittmeister's tall boots and even helps him to pass long winter evenings with a simple game popular in the village. (And if you are tempted to smile cynically here, recalling the simple villagers of Maupassant and Hardy, I beg you to put such thoughts from you. The Julika of *Ernte*, without being sloppy, is one of the sweetest and finest characters ever to grace the screen.)

I will not elaborate the plot—how Julika's relations with her employer are misunderstood and lead to her being cut by her friends in church ; and how the Rittmeister is slashed over the face by a high-spirited young aristocrat who is most fetchingly sympathetic when she finds out that the blood she drew is blue ; and how the Rittmeister falls for her sensual beauty, failing to perceive that all she wants is to pass an agreeable evening in the dalliance of which the villagers suspect Julika ; and how the love-crazed young man would have been ruined by it all but for Julika's passionate conviction that even if love is false and hearts are breaking, the harvest must go on. It is enough that for distinguished story-telling and lovely photography, *Ernte* looks like being one of the memorable films of 1937.

CONGRATULATIONS to Michael Balcon, Raoul (*Cock-eyed World*) Walsh, Wallace Ford, the Army Council and all, on *O.H.M.S.*, the first talkie in which a serious attempt has been made to put Army life on the screen. *O.H.M.S.* is not quite faultless, but it struck me, and will strike most people, as a good generous slice of entertainment plus propaganda, spectacular, quite amusing in places, and not without an American punch when it comes to the war scenes. It is an open secret that Walsh wanted Cagney for the American tough guy who takes a Canadian's place, enlists in the British Army to escape the police, and finally makes good ; but Wallace Ford is equally convincing. Ford, an orphan brought up by Dr. Barnado's Homes, knows exactly what it means to be kicked from pillar to post, and in rôles like these he reveals an unforced toughness of fibre, as well as a gift of pathos, which an actor of less experience of life, however gifted, could hardly hope to simulate.

I HAD always supposed that crime reporters who enter bedrooms, steal letters and fake evidence were confined to American tabloids ; but as *Sensation* was written by George Munro (who should know), I suppose it must be accepted that these things happen on this side of the Atlantic, too. John Lodge is strong and convincing as the reporter. Margaret Vyner may one day mean a lot to the box-office, and the supporting rôles are mostly very well played.

The British Army as a Background

"O.H.M.S." (Tivoli) is a lively story of military life which shows an American gangster being transformed into a hero by khaki. Wallace Ford is the American, Anna Lee (with him in the picture) is a sergeant-major's daughter ; Raoul Walsh directed, with Major-General J. H. F. Lakin, C.B., as military adviser, and the Army Council as co-operators. Between them they have produced not only good propaganda but good entertainment

The British Press as a Background

"Sensation" (Regal) is another British film and it puts John Lodge into a swift part as a hard-boiled crime reporter acting as detective. George Munro and Basil Dean wrote the story, Brian Desmond Hurst directed, and the cast is exceptionally strong, with the new Australian beauty Margaret Vyner, and Athene Seyler and Joan Marion. In the picture are Francis Lister and Diana Churchill

Tunbridge

Elisabeth Bergner: her Play Came off, her Film Came on

Last week saw the last performance of Elisabeth Bergner in *The Boy David* and this week saw the first performance of Elisabeth Bergner in *Dreaming Lips*. The latter, Max Schach's presentation of the English version of *Der Träumende Mund*, had its premiere last night at the London Pavilion in aid of the North London Group for Slum Clearance (Lady Salisbury is president) Queen Mary, patron of the premiere, was to make it the occasion of her first public appearance. As for *The Boy David*, the announcement of its withdrawal came as a surprise even to the cast and led to suggestions that Barrie had lost his touch, Cochran had lost his touch, Bergner had lost her touch. Meanwhile, Elisabeth declines to make any statement about her future plans and *Balalaika* moves to His Majesty's to make way for *Home and Beauty* at the Adelphi

Kay Hammond

Co-Heroine of "French Without Tears"

Kay Hammond's lovely English colouring is shown to perfection in water colours, and the maritime background is there not only to set it off but to capture the atmosphere of her present play, *French Without Tears*. The scene is laid in a seaside town in the south of France; Terence Rattigan's dialogue and situations are interpreted by a lively cast in which Kay Hammond shares feminine honours with Jessica Tandy. Miss Hammond is Mrs. Ronnie Leon in private life; she is Sir Guy Standing's daughter and Herbert Standing's granddaughter, both of whom made their names in shows at the Criterion, where *French Without Tears* now is

"Giselle"

Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the Sadler's Wells Revival

Photographs by Anthony

The Prince and the Vintner's Daughter

This Gothic two-act ballet to Adam's pleasant music is of some antiquity, having been first performed in Paris (with Grisi as Giselle) in 1841 and making its English debut at Sadler's Wells next year, with Mrs. Honner as Giselle and Dibdin's notorious tank stage for the water effects in the second act. In the revival of *Giselle* at the Wells—Sergeeff's 1934 production, modelled on Coralli's choregraphy — seventeen-year-old Margot Fonteyn has stepped gracefully into the impressive tradition set by Andreyanova, Pavlova, Karssavina and Markova. Her Giselle, cleverly supported by Robert Helpmann's Prince, is a performance which reaches an exquisite climax in the mad scene at the end of the first act; the pas de deux is attractively executed by Harold Turner and Mary Honer and Pamela May is an efficient Queen of the Willis in the nebulous second act. With small alterations, William Chappell's 1934 decor and costumes are used

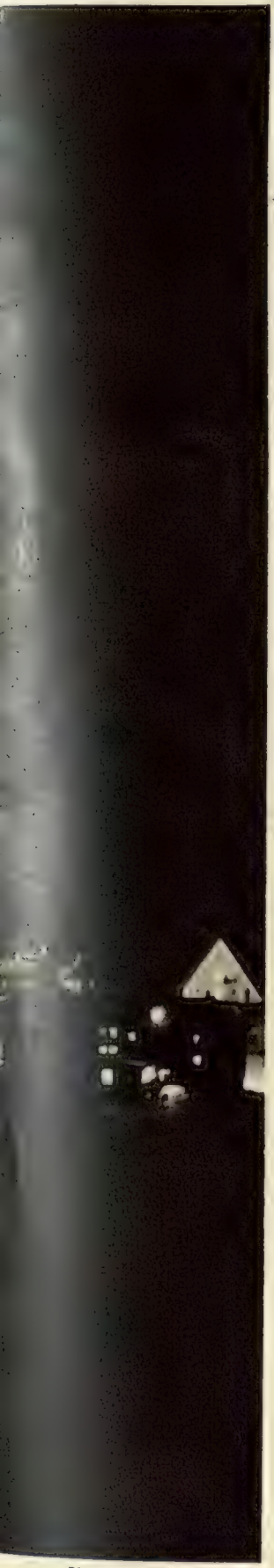
The Lure of High Places

Night and Day in the Snows of the Vorarlberg

Count Kari Lamberg is the star ski-er at Kitzbühel to whom the honour fell of teaching the Duke of Windsor to ski two winters ago

The Hon. Edward Sackville-West, Lord Sackville's only son and heir, was photographed waiting for the ski school to assemble at Zürs

By Night, Dark Slopes deserted for Ballroom and Bar



Photograph by Heiniger

Photographs by Jean Moral

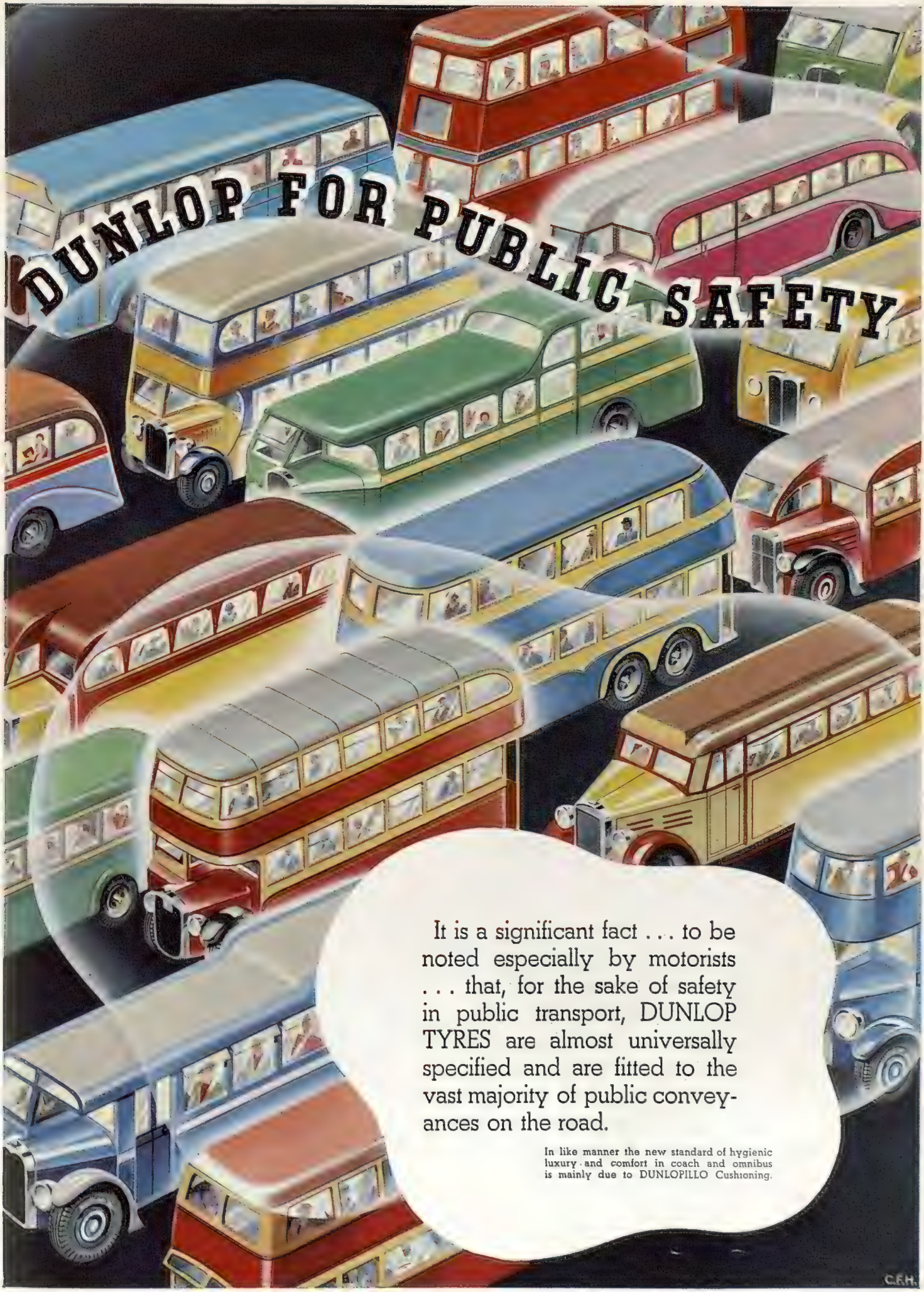
By Day, Sunshine and Snow

Many English have only recently discovered Austria as a snow-conditioned country; it offers ski-ing centres of first-rate standard from the sportsman's viewpoint, if less luxurious than those of its western neighbour; many resorts are not yet household words in the wintersports vocabulary, others are as well known as Kitzbühel, St. Anton, Saalbach or Zürs. The first of these is famed as the Duke of Windsor's choice two years ago; the last is the spot at which these pictures were taken. Zürs is 5800 ft. up, is reached from the station at the western mouth of the Arlberg tunnel, is a useful centre for climbing and has an unblotted copybook this season, with continuous reports of magnificent snow conditions

Howard Coster, London

Evelyn Waugh—from Shepherd Market to Addis Ababa

He comes from a family whose three masculine members appear in "Who's Who" with impressive lists of publications after their names. Arthur Waugh, the father, is a Sherborne and New College man; he sent his elder son Alec to his own old school, but Evelyn went to Lancing and then to Hertford College, Oxford, and the sons have gone their ways since, for while Alec is a member of the Savile Club, Evelyn haunts St. James's and Bucks'. His first publications, such as *Decline and Fall* (1928) or *Vile Bodies* (1930), lined him up in the Michael Arlen school with spiritual headquarters in Belgravia, and having got his label, it took five years of transition and a book like *Edmund Campion* to tear the label off. That won him the Hawthornden Prize, and he devoted its profits, as a devout Roman Catholic, towards Campion Hall, the Oxford foundation in the Jesuit's memory. Last year, too, came *Waugh in Abyssinia* as a further sign that Evelyn Waugh was taking life in real and earnest, but now the public will get another jolt, for his next book, planned for June, will be a return to his earlier style. His engagement to Laura Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert's twenty-year-old daughter, was announced last month and the marriage is to take place soon after Easter


DUNLOP FOR PUBLIC SAFETY
It is a significant fact . . . to be noted especially by motorists . . . that, for the sake of safety in public transport, DUNLOP TYRES are almost universally specified and are fitted to the vast majority of public conveyances on the road.
In like manner the new standard of hygienic luxury and comfort in coach and omnibus is mainly due to DUNLOPILLO Cushioning.
C.F.H.

Baron

Gitta Alpar Sings in "Home and Beauty"

She is Hungary's No. 1 stage star, although she was trained as a singer and started her career with the operas at Budapest (where she was born), Dresden and Berlin. Her only previous appearance here was in *Der Rosenkavalier* at Covent Garden eight years ago, but her name is best known as the creator in Europe and in the film of *The Dubarry*, the part taken in England by her great friend, the late Annie Ahlers. Charles Cochran made a characteristic swift dash to Budapest and secured Gitta Alpar for *Home and Beauty*, his Coronation revue which opened last night at the Adelphi and has a second night gala this evening in aid of the stage bed at the New Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. The book is by A. P. Herbert, the music by Nikolaus Brodszky and Henry Sullivan, the co-stars with Miss Alpar are Binnie Hale and Nelson Keys

"Bystander" Short Story No. 74

A Pat Hand

By Bassett Scott

Illustration by Molly Bishop

On the evening of July 21st, 1930, Richard Agar walked out of the ten-shilling bridge room at Alford's and proceeded, with rather less than his usual languor, to the bar. His dark, uneager face wore a slight smile, but a sickish feeling in the pit of his stomach said that a stiff whisky-and-soda was undoubtedly the doctor's prescription. As he drank it he considered a situation that appeared more unpleasant with every moment that passed. The rubber he had just lost on a bid grand slam had cost him fourteen pounds. It was also the sixth consecutive rubber he had lost that day, and the session was his seventh consecutive losing session. Clearly, he reflected, he was up against one of those catastrophic runs of luck which afflict, sooner or later, every man who plays cards long enough and regularly enough. And that was that.

His mind, however, refusing to draw consolation from this fatalistic conclusion, obstinately continued the audit of his affairs. It pointed out that his card-account for the week, with one more day to run, now stood at about £140, and asked with heavy sarcasm whether he would find it convenient to settle. And thence it passed grimly to a general review of his more recent history, morals, manners, and mode of life.

The war had cut cleanly across Agar's life. It had caught him just as he left his public school, sucked him down and held him for four years in its filthy whirlpool, then spewed him up, unhurt in body and brain, yet with something broken within him. He was tired, unutterably, incurably tired. Ambition had gone, hope had gone, interest had gone. His view of life was contained in the terms of an old catchword: "What's the use of anything? Why, nothing."

For quite a long time his self-respect carried on an automatic struggle with this feeling. He had six hundred a year under his father's will, and with this he went up to Cambridge, took a fair degree, was called to the Bar, even made desultory gestures towards establishing a career. Then in the tedium of waiting for briefs his self-respect abandoned the struggle. Gradually he came to spend more and more time at his club, less and less at his chambers. The career seemed still dimmer in prospect, still less worth while. Finally, in the spring of 1926, he gave up his chambers and took rooms in Charles Street. It is perhaps worth noticing that he did not desire a flat, there being nothing in his life to conceal. As a man at his club said:

"Agar looks as if he always slept by himself and wouldn't notice the difference if he didn't. Good chap, though."

It was about this time that he discovered in cards a faint anodyne for the tedium of existence. Within a year he was known as a sound bridge player; within two as first-class. With the advent of contract he gradually settled down to a life of which his two daily sessions at the card-table formed much the most substantial part. Not a very noble life, he realised, but better than the wearisome absurdity of a walking corpse.

It was some time before the financial side of the game began to attract his attention. He had joined Alford's merely because he found at higher stakes a better game and keener opposition than his own club afforded. But soon he found also that his bank balance was steadily appreciating; after the satisfaction of his simple needs there was still quite a bit of money to play with. His mind, responding subconsciously to the tonic of a new interest, suggested that he should accept the pleasant invitation. One day, to his amused surprise, he found himself the owner of a small car. A few months later he joined a golf club. Within a year he was leading, to outward appearance, the normal life of a young man of means and indolence and spending every penny of his income. Yet the habit of years persisted. "What's the use?" was still his automatic challenge to life. Still, he went in bottom gear and had no thought that no more than a strong jolt would be needed to throw him into top.

And none had warned him of the danger of playing ten-shillings-a-hundred bridge with no capital to back a small and tightly-secured income.

So now he was up against it; not desperately, of course, but quite unpleasantly. A loan to a friend—no chance of seeing that again yet awhile; that, and his losses of the last few weeks, had eaten up his balance and stretched his overdraft to its utmost limit, if he knew anything about banks. And now—the best part of £150 to be found in a few days! He would have to borrow—sell his car, perhaps. Damn the luck!

"Say, Dickie, what's eating you? You look duller than a missionary's pants. Have a drink."

It was "Lulu" Marberry. She sat down beside him, diffusing the scent of a "Lucky" mingled with "Narcisse Noir," and without waiting for his reply, called to the barman: "A pair of sidecars, Fred, and hit the brandy hard."

Agar was annoyed, but it was too much trouble to refuse. He disliked Lulu, disliked her scent, her perpetual cigarettes, her jewellery, her clothes—all within the bounds of good taste, yet managing somehow to emphasise their

(Concluded on page 188)

"He looked up and was aware of two dark eyes regarding him gravely across the table"

A Pat Hand

(*Continued from page 187*)

costliness—disliked her American slang and accent, disliked, above all, her recently-developed enthusiasm for his society. And when she repeated her question, he drawled as slowly as possible :

" Nothing much. It doesn't matter, anyhow."

Lulu flashed out : " Oh, you make me sick ! " Then she controlled herself and said :

" I 'm sorry, Dickie ; I didn't mean that. I know what 's the matter—I 've been watching. Hell, you don't have to tell me. Now what about a little loan ? A coupla hundred ? An' you can re-pay when—you—like."

She spoke carelessly, but her eyes—green to match her red hair—were fixed on him intently. The thought that they had been watching him for weeks increased Agar's annoyance.

" It 's awfully good of you," he began stiffly, " but——" Lulu cut in swiftly.

" Have it *as* you like—it 's O.K. by me. I only thought—well, there it is any time you feel like changing your mind. Say, Dickie, Nancy Halbord 's throwing a poker party to-night an' she asked me to bring a friend. You like to come ? If you want the bucks to play with, give me a post-dated cheque an' I 'll cash it."

Agar was about to refuse when a thought struck him. Play at the Halbords' would be high—a lucky evening might get back his losses. And if he had to raise a hundred and fifty, he might as well raise two hundred. Moreover, wouldn't it be unnecessarily ungracious to refuse Lulu's second offer. On the impulse he said :

" Thanks very much. If you could do that I 'd like to go."

THE party had been going on a long time, and somebody had proposed a round of ace-pots to finish it. As often happens when neither host nor hostess is accustomed to the strictness of club rule and etiquette, play had been thoroughly informal. It was this that made possible the temptation with which Agar was suddenly assailed. The night was hot and the liquor abundant as it was good. It was this that made possible the fall of a normally honest man. For that was the devilishness of the thing—just for a minute and to a clouded judgment *it didn't seem to be cheating.*

He had been playing all the evening with in-and-out luck, and was perhaps a few pounds to the good when the fourth of the ace-pots began. It ran round four times, and then, with Lulu on his left dealing, it was opened for a pound.

" Make it two," said the next player, and Agar found himself staring at a hand consisting of three aces and a pair of sevens. " Very nice, too," he thought to himself, " and it 's going to be a damned big pot. But what a pity I 've got to stand pat and give the show away ! "

And with that thought this ugly thing came along and knocked him out.

He stayed in the pool but did not raise it ; when it was opened for ten pounds he asked for three cards, and he threw down in front of him one of his aces and the pair of sevens. He turned in his chair and reached for the glass that stood on a little table behind him, knocked it over, and jumped to his feet with an apology ; then sat down again and picked up—not the three cards that had been dealt to him, but the three he had put down ! Now his hand was again his original hand, but to all appearances he had drawn to a pair. He looked up and was aware of two dark eyes regarding him gravely across the table.

It was a very big pot indeed. When he won it against a full house to queens, Agar had the means to settle his bridge account with several pounds to spare.

THEY were facing each other across cocktails at a little table in the Café Royal the following morning.

" That was a real good win you had last night, Dickie," said Lulu. " Glad I thought of taking you."

" Yes," muttered Agar, " I 'm awfully grateful."

It was not Lulu's way to beat about the bush when she was sure she had the game in her hand. She leaned across the table.

" Say, Dickie, see here. What about a little trip to Paris together—just you an' me ? Kinda fun, eh ? What you think ? Not just now—I gotta go to Scotland to-morrow. But later—'bout the end September ? Looks a swell idea to me."

For the first time for many hours Agar's mind ceased to ride the merry-go-round whose centre was the phrase " I cheated." The thought which had flashed momentarily and unimportantly when she had telephoned him so insistently that morning crystallised suddenly into knowledge. He hated Lulu.

" No," he said firmly. " I 'm sorry, but—*no.*"

To his surprise Lulu did not seem put out, nor did her eyes—greedy as a cat's for cream—change their expression. She leaned still nearer and said softly :

" That was a swell pat hand you held last night, Dickie, an' lemme tell you this. *It was the only pat hand I 've ever seen improved.* They 'd be interested at Alford's to hear how it was done, don't you think ? Or don't you ? "

So that was it ! Blackmail ! And the price ? Agar almost laughed as he suddenly thought with what eagerness a dozen men of his acquaintance would pay it. A week in Paris with Lulu Marberry—what a damned fool they would think him not to jump at the chance ! But something in his soul revolted, and he said sullenly :

" It 's only your word against mine, and I 'd back my reputation for honesty against yours for scandal."

There was a little silence. Then Lulu laughed and began to collect her gloves and bag. Still smiling, she said sweetly :

" A good try, Dickie, but it doesn't make the grade. Betty Winser saw, too, *and* spoke to me. She won't say anything if I don't, but . . . Well, you think over that little proposition of mine—maybe you 'll feel different about it when I see you again. So long, an' be good."

BETTY WINSER—the dark eyes that had met his so gravely across the poker-table ! Yes, he remembered his introduction to her ; remembered her face, too—an impression at least of a wide brow, short, straight nose, and big, humorous mouth. That he recalled and little more—for he had been absorbed in the game and she only an onlooker—but something that had been said had given him the idea that she was staying in the house. The thought that she knew made him wince. But did she know, or was it just a lie of Lulu's to support her case ? He must find out. Suddenly he became aware that the idea of seeing Betty Winser again was both exceedingly pleasant and exceedingly distasteful. For a long time he sat, revolving many thoughts.

Luck was with him when he called an hour or two later. Mrs. Halbord was out, but Miss Winser was at home. Again the dark eyes looked gravely into his—gravely and a little surprisedly, but not, he thought, reproachfully. And soon they were smiling as she explained that she wasn't used to callers " of my own."

" You see—I work here—perhaps you didn't know—I 'm Nancy Halbord's secretary—she 's terribly nice to me—you couldn't have told I wasn't an ordinary guest the other night—that just shows, doesn't it ? "

" You didn't play," he murmured rather fatuously. She laughed.

" Secretaries don't play poker with a five-shilling raise, especially when they 're saving up for their holiday. I 'm off to-morrow—to Devonshire. It 'll be lovely ! "

Her voice thrilled deep with happiness, and to his astonishment he found himself replying :

" What luck ! I 'm going to be in that part of the world, too. Do give me your address. We might—might do things together perhaps."

Her eyes when he said that reminded him of her look across the poker-table, and he hurried on with the shyness of a man who knows little of women.

" You see — I 'm awfully — er — unattached. Not much fun doing things by oneself—it would be a real kindness—frightful nerve to ask you, but——"

At that she took pity on him.

" Of course," she said quietly. " I 'm going to my people. Do come and see us if you 've really nothing better to do."

Rather hot under the collar, he got out of the house with her address in his pocket and with a certainty that Lulu had lied to him. Yet somehow that certainty was not affording him all the satisfaction it should have done.

THREE weeks later, in the quiet of a Devon combe, he told her all ; how he had lived, had cheated, had come to love her. She heard him in silence, then asked :

" What did you do about—about the poker party ? "

" Borrowed the money," he answered, " and—well, I couldn't very well pay it back to the losers, so "—his eyes twinkled—" I sent it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—I owed him something for income-tax, you know, over the last few years."

At that her eyes smiled too, and she said :

" I 'm going to ask you a few questions—just to make sure I 've got it all right that you told me. You 're young ? "

" Thirty-four," he answered wonderingly.

" And healthy ? "

" Yes."

" And you 've got a profession ? "

" Yes."

" And a private income ? "

" Yes."

" And you love me ? "

" More than I thought it possible I could ever love anyone," he answered simply.

" Darling," said Betty, " you 've got a pat hand ! "

THE END.

Cannons of Hollywood

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith, recently lost to London by his appointment as Second Secretary at the Embassy in Brussels, are one of the liveliest and most popular couples in the younger diplomatic world. He is a son of that great antiquary and art connoisseur, Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith; she is the daughter of Sir Gilbert Miller, K.C., and Lady Miller, of Bembridge, Isle of Wight. Simon Harcourt-Smith was at the Embassy in Pekin for three and a half years before his new appointment, during which time his wife took a great interest in Chinese paintings; this in addition to her taste for house decoration—a taste which can be fully exercised in a diplomat's wife

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Getting On and Getting Off: By Alan Thomas

IN *The Great and the Goods* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Ivor Brown sets his satirical fancy to play upon some of the idiocies of our age—Heaven knows he has a wide enough choice—and through the mouth of Dr. Edgar Strongitharm Chirrup, founder of the College of Triumphant Living, discourses with ripe wisdom and a wealth of illustration on the art of Getting On. The formula is simple, and one that Chirrup is never weary of impressing on his clients: "Neglect your own work and never fail to be seen doing somebody else's. . . . Display yourself; disperse your activities; be anywhere but in your own shop." Do you aspire to be the Headmaster of a "very old and wealthy foundation (salary £5000 a year, with fine mansion, allowances and increments)"? If so, take Chirrup's advice and whatever you do, don't teach: take up broadcasting, write for the daily papers, marry an aristocratic authoress—but whatever you do, don't teach. If on the other hand you prefer to be a bishop, Chirrup will guide your footsteps and (for a fee and a percentage on the takings) will deliver the loaves and fishes. Are you a back-bencher, marking time and never gaining any ground? Chirrup will not fail you: a course in political self-advancement will see you safely into the Cabinet, presiding over one of the great offices of State. Would you even become a dramatic critic? Chirrup—ably coached no doubt by Mr. Ivor Brown—knows about that too. There is, in fact, no field of Higher Endeavour which the good Chirrup has failed to cultivate. Mutton-headed Socialites, unsuccessful business men, struggling poets, impecunious doctors—they all flock to Chirrup and there is no one whose case he cannot turn to good account. He is the Master Salesman. He might be thought of in terms of a Major Profit, embodying the spirit of the age; and against his doctrines the apostle of sanity has very little chance. In these days the racket is everything, and if you don't happen to be in the racket, you will find it increasingly difficult to play the game. In the noble cause, however, of blowing the gaff, Mr. Brown has scored again. His book will be popular not only with those who enjoy satirical and witty writing, but also with those who, without being great or even particularly good, see life as something more than a succession of chirrups.

"DELICATE MONSTER," by Storm Jameson (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 5*s.*), is a short character study of two women. One of them, Fanny, the narrator, is the Delicate Monster of the title. She is a plain, keen-witted and intensely unlovable young woman whose nature is a compound of jealousy and egoism. She abominates anything like generosity of feeling—perhaps because she has never experienced it—just about as much as she abominates the "healthy" school of novel-writing. Indeed, at one point I thought this book was intended as a peg on which to hang the modern novelist; for rarely have I read so bitter and uncompromising an attack on that species of writer as Fanny launches. The tirade—it goes on for several pages—struck me as an unnecessary flaw on the otherwise genuine portrait of a monster.

The other woman, Victoria Form (she acquires other surnames as her matrimonial affairs progress), is a successful actress with a highly developed sense of sex. She had "loose morals and no taste," and if there is something attractive about her vulgarity, the manner in which she treated her daughter, of whom she grew jealous, is beyond excuse.

I doubt if the green-eyed monster has been so delicately served for some time as in the presentation of these devastating portraits. All the same I got the impression that this was a somewhat ill-tempered book. At all events it left a bad taste in my mouth. But the writing is as sensitive and delicate as ever—monstrously delicate!

"THE QUARRYMAN," by Ankaret Howard (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an example of what may be called the occupational novel. The chief merit of this one is that the occupation with which it is concerned, stone-quarrying in West Cumberland, is a vein more or less untapped by novelists. The characters are almost all male, and I found the description of their work as quarrymen more convincing than the plot which centres round the affection of the quarry foreman for an apprentice who is the local Adonis. There is a good deal about the off-duty diversions of quarrymen—poker-playing, drinking, hound trailing and fell-racing. The latter part of the book rather unexpectedly degenerates into a detailed account of a murder trial whose dramatic effect is not heightened by the fact that it is a recapitulation of what the reader already knows. But in her stone-quarrying descriptions Lady Ankaret has, as I have said, broken new ground.

SOMETHING of a stir seems to have been caused by John Worby's *The Other Half* (Dent; 8*s.* 6*d.*), on the ground that it offends good taste. Well, well, I didn't think we were so squeamish. I read the book and was not particularly impressed, perhaps because I had just read Mark Benney's *Low Company*, which, as a literary effort, rather puts *The Other Half* in the shade. As a record of human experience, however, Mr. Worby's book seemed to me to be a straightforward piece of work, the interest residing less in the character drawings than in the spiciness of Mr. Worby's adventures. He is also apt to be a little too lyrical about the "starry skies" and the romance of "travelling on." But I found nothing to make me exclaim: this book should never have been published.

John Worby lived by his wits. He has tramped England, Scotland, Canada, and the States, and became an accomplished beggar. He made no bones about imposing on greenhorns and the better feelings of kindly disposed people: on the other hand, he had his limits. Life lived on the principle that "if we had some bacon we could have some bacon and eggs if we had some eggs" is hardly to be tolerated. Mr. Worby, moreover, clearly had a natural aversion from regular employment. He valued his freedom—even his freedom to starve. It was therefore at least logical of him to live "in accordance with his circumstances." He seems to have been more fortunate than most tramps, in his encounters with his fellow-men and women. It can't happen often, I imagine, that a tramp is picked up by a Mayfair lovely and presented with a new wardrobe, a luxurious home, and an offer of marriage into the bargain!

Blakeman and Shuter

Merton Hodge Has Written a New Play

It's called "The Orchard Walls," and is the fourth by the author of "The Wind and the Rain;" Hodge adapted it from a Hungarian piece. Set in London, Venice and Vienna, it has modern maidenhood as its theme and Irene Vanbrugh, Hugh Sinclair, Sophie Stewart and Valerie Taylor as its stars. Raymond Massey produces "The Orchard Walls," which starts to-night at the St. James's

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

The brilliant season which lies ahead is inspiring designers to create exceptionally lovely frocks. A witness to this is the dress above in shell-pink satin, richly embroidered with silver sequins and shaded bugle beads in rocket design. It may be seen at Margaret Marks, 77, Knightsbridge, and is slim and sheath-like with a softly-draped cowl neck and silver shoulder-straps. A dramatic chiffon scarf, shading from palest pink to flame, is secured by an embroidered collar band and two bracelets. It spreads like wings as the wearer moves, and is extraordinarily graceful. For those who prefer a picture frock, there is a printed shadow taffeta dress with double panniers covering the hips, and a wide sweeping skirt trailing slightly from the back

Signed : Spring 1937

Spring is a time for replenishing the wardrobe and starting afresh with something gay and youthful. The "Felicity's" frocks pictured on this page are designed by Mercia for the debutante about to embark on her first season. They are sold by all houses of prestige, but in case of difficulty application must be made to 75, Wells Street, Oxford Street. A simple ensemble in wool angora is worn by the model above. It consists of a slim-fitting dress with a pastel blue corsage accompanied by a short, cut-away jacket in a darker shade to match the skirt. Red and blue plaid taffeta is cleverly introduced in the two-piece on the right, expressed in navy moss crêpe

Alexander

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA. PICTURED BY PAM

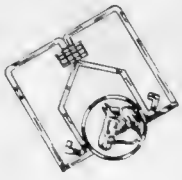
A silver envelope stamped with the name and address of the owner makes an excellent cigarette-case which, if lost, will always be returned. The one on the right is hand-made, and comes from Alfred Dunhill, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly

An alternative design in cigarette-cases also sponsored by Dunhill's is seen on the right in silver and enamel, engraved with a map of the British Isles. This makes a delightful souvenir for visitors from overseas

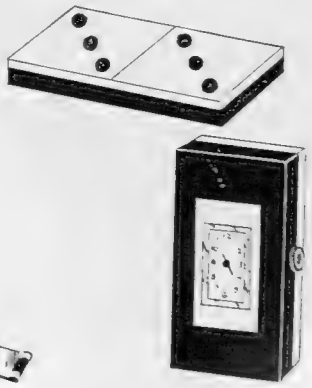
It is difficult to imagine that the marcasite dress clip on the right conceals a pair of lorgnettes, though the sketch above shows them in use. They come from Theodore Hamblin, 15, Wigmore Street, who will fit them with the prescribed lenses

This screw-pencil, which is at the same time a perfect reproduction of a miniature hunting horn, may be seen at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. It is carried out in silver and copper, and costs fifteen shillings

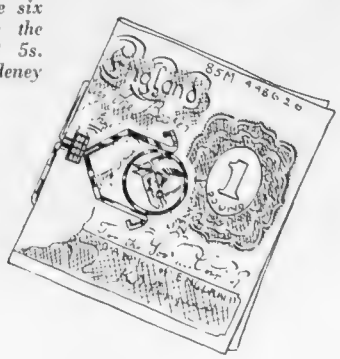
Hunting enthusiasts would delight in a set of sherry glasses, each with a porcelain base in the shape of a sleeping fox. Only two out of the six are sketched, while the complete set is £3 5s. at Swaine and Adeney

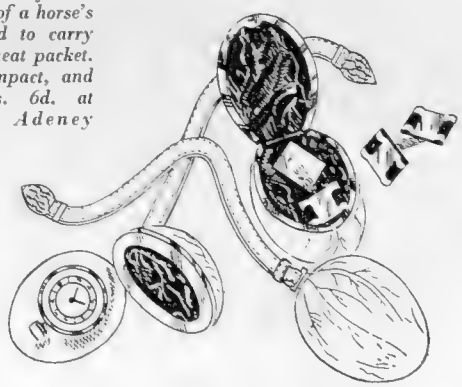


The gilt clip on the left with a crystal mount of a horse's head is designed to carry banknotes in a neat packet. It is small, compact, and only costs 12s. 6d. at Swaine and Adeney



It seems that watches are a never-ending source of inspiration, as Dunhill's are showing them in a domino setting in ivory and ebony. They cost 16 guineas and appeal to the gambling instinct





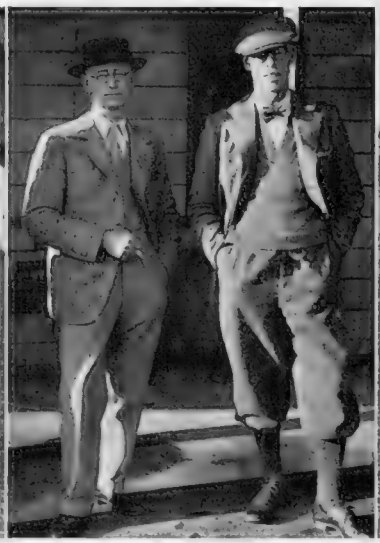
An original accessory for country tweeds is a walnut fob containing a watch. Dunhill's have them with pigskin thongs, while for men they suggest a natural walnut lined with velvet, containing a set of cuff-links

Golf Clubs at Home: Bath

The Bath Golf Club, at Sham Castle, Somerset, is one of the pioneer clubs of the West Country. It was founded in 1880, its first home being on the common at Kingsdown; it took its name from this village but changed in 1883 to the "Bath and Kingsdown," and in 1890 to its present one. Three years later the course was extended to eighteen holes and has been further improved, with the acquisition of more land, since then. To-day it offers an excellent 18 holes on a plateau overlooking the city, an attractive new club-house and spacious garage

E. M. Trounson (captain)

Col. R. R. Glynne-Jones (com.) and Maj. G. E. Longrigg (hon. treas.)



J. M. Macaulay (com.) and Lt.-Col. Lyster Taylor (hon. sec.)

Major-General E. C. Gepp and Major C. B. Northey

J. W. Crowe

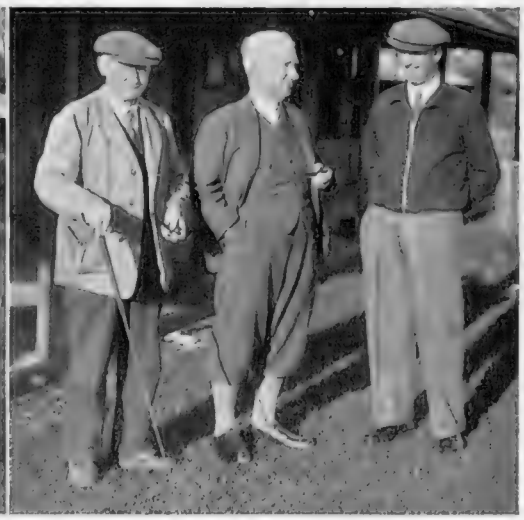
Major K. S. Grove

E. F. Longrigg

S. G. V. Considine

C. W. C. Wookey

Dr. J. V. Bennett, J. C. McKee and E. Wason



J. C. Richardson, Stuart Carter (committee) and E. Beecham (professional)

1.24a

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You nearly dropped it—
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priceless
Sèvres!..

how relieved
you feel
as
you see it
safely
replaced...

and
how thankful
you are
for
a cigarette
after
that awful moment!

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

The Next Two Internationals

We've some time to wait for the Irish match at Twickenham, but next Saturday Wales and Scotland come to grips at Swansea.

I don't know how many enthusiasts will make the necessary journey—and a tiring one it is—to see this little affair, but I can well believe that there will be a considerable exodus from London, despite the recent fizzle at Twickenham.

What concerns me at the moment is not so much the fact that I shall have to be there myself as the knowledge that Scotland have picked a number of young players.

The Scotsmen seem to be remodelling their tactics. They have brought a deal of new blood into the pack, and entrusted the leadership to W. B. Young, of Cambridge, a militant back-row forward who should certainly be able to stimulate action. It seems probable that the fun will be fast and furious, particularly if the Swansea ground is a little on the muddy side.

Whether these reconstituted Scottish forwards will settle down into a working pack is the point at issue. Scottish experts are inclined to think that energy will be spread all over the place with little concerted drive, and that may be about the size of it.

I hope, at any rate, that the Welshmen will have decided to scrummage.

Then we shall see some Rugby football worthy of the name. And talking of scrummaging, I am particularly interested to hear that Richmond are trying to build up a pack consisting of eight working forwards, with no fly-away back-row specialists. Injuries have rather upset their plans, but the theory is there, and one day it will surely bear fruit. And if I may judge by correspondence received, a swing of the pendulum towards old-fashioned ideas is just about due.

It is possible that by the time these notes appear the England team to meet Ireland will have been announced. I do not expect that the Selectors will have made many changes—Gadney for Giles, perhaps, and possibly an alteration or two in mid-field—but on the whole it is probable that the team which so narrowly beat Wales will be given another chance. A. Obolensky, in the meanwhile, seems to be running into his best form, and there are quite a number of likely players who have been coming to the front lately. D. E. Teden, the Richmond front-row forward, is one of them, and A. Berry, of Leicester, is another. Then there is C. D. Laborde, of Cambridge, and I should find room for him in the English pack at all costs.

It is said that Laborde is apt to be clumsy, but he does know how to control a Rugby ball, and when the English forwards run up against the Irish hammering they will need real leadership to pull them together. They had nothing to beat in the Welsh match, but the Irishmen know what scrummaging means.

I saw Laborde dribbling the other day in a way which reminded me of great players like G. S. Conway and W. W. Wakefield. And how scarce it is nowadays, the practised foot control which keeps the ball rolling in proper subjection.

The Leicester stand-off half, C. Slow, who played so magnificently for the Midlands against the Springboks, seems to be striking his true form again.

I watched him on a heavy ground recently, and very good he was, good enough to make several knowledgeable observers wonder whether he might not join Gadney, his club partner, in the England side. W. Elliott, too, is said to be in fine fettle, and I have even had a suggestion from a reader that Gadney should be tried at stand-off half, since he manages to run so brilliantly and break through even the congested area round the scrummage. I 'm afraid this strikes me as the waste of a fine scrum-half : far more practical is the proposal that P. Cranmer has all the attributes of a great back-row forward.

Possibly this is the wrong time to think of back-row forwards, but Cranmer, with his strength and genius for covering, his speed and knowledge of the game, would fit in very well. Have you noticed, incidentally, a trick which he seems to have developed considerably this year? Instead of running full-tilt and chest forward at the defence, as he used to, he very often turns sideways, and tries to go through with a kind of shoulder charge—a habit which clearly does not improve his attack. But his energy and zest for the game are boundless, and England would have fared very poorly without him in mid-field against the Welshmen.

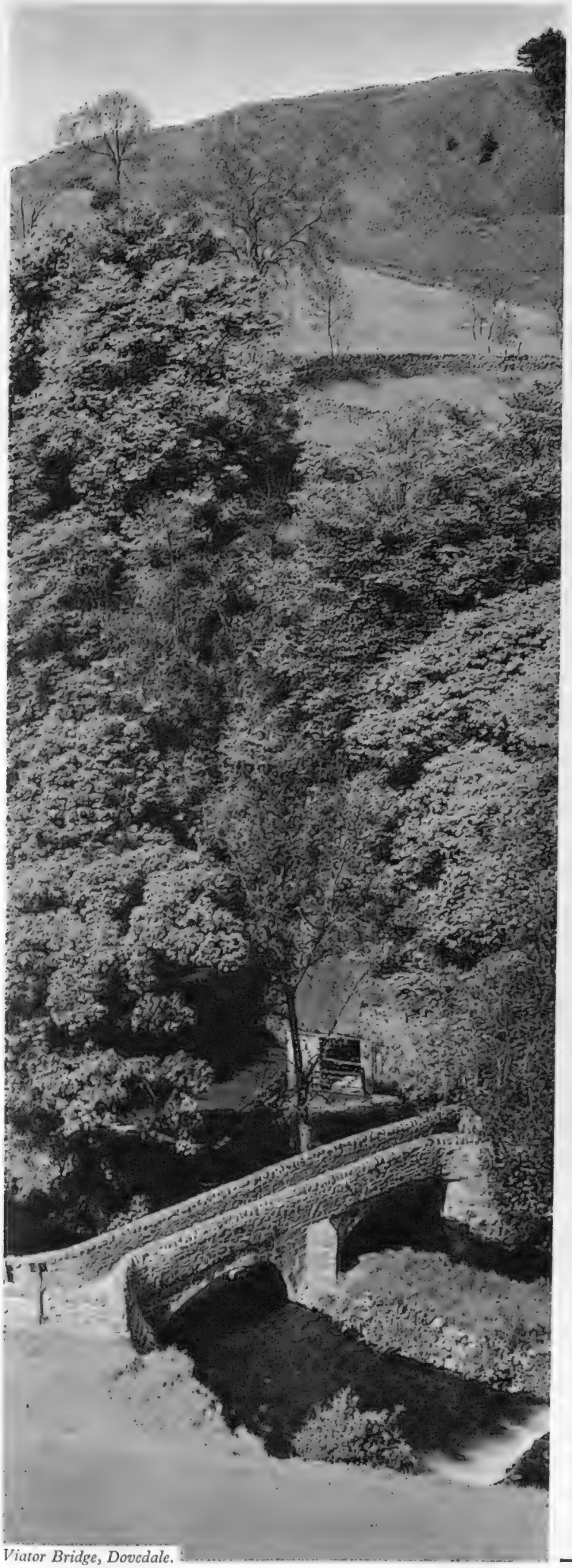
We are greatly looking forward to the Irish invasion, if only because we know that our Irish friends invariably seem to play grand storming football at Twickenham. I take it that we shall not find the Irish backs lying up off-side while the ball is in the scrummage, as they did so flagrantly at Dublin last year. It may seem ungenerous to criticise this again, for it is about the only misdemeanour of which Irishmen have been guilty, and Englishmen are by no means innocent of similar subterfuges. But it is a particularly irritating habit, and it seems a pity that it should blot an otherwise so admirably stainless copy-book.

The Army Beat the Police 21—8

Soldiers and policemen had a good tough game in the mud when the former won by three goals and two tries to one goal and one try at the White City. Thirteen points to the bad at half-time, the police rallied well and almost made a close match of it, but they were inferior in the scrum and behind it. Lieut. Dean (Royal Tank Corps), the Army scrum-half, is seen arrested in the picture

W. G. S. Johnston

Will once more be on the Scottish wing when they meet Wales at Swansea on Saturday. He was first capped in '35, when he and Ken Fyfe both moved straight from the Cambridge to the Scotland wings ; now plays for Richmond



Viator Bridge, Dovedale.

This England . . .

SINCE the first West Angles pushed their way up the lovely valley of the Dove, the wooded cloughs of Derbyshire have been beloved of man. There he has settled — Roman and Dane, Saxon and Norman—fusing the richly English character of the people of those parts. Rich too the provender of this little world—the grayling and trout in the chuckling waters, the rich Stilton they make around Ashbourne and the lush pastures that cradle those great Shire horses so long the envy of the world. And over at Burton on the Trent they brew their beer — your Worthington — hearty, wholesome, Old English in the truest sense.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The "Bystander" Trophy Meeting at Felixstowe

THE golf meeting at which the chief prize is the magnificent BYSTANDER £500 Trophy is to be played this year again on the links of the Felixstowe Golf Club, on March 20th and 21st. Last year a certain amount of inconvenience to play was caused by portions of the course being "ground under repair," owing to the work of reconstruction which was being carried out at that time. This work has now been completed, and the new holes are in play; as also there was no drought last summer, there is every reason to expect the course to be in a better playing condition this year than ever before in this competition.

The main competition and the subsidiary ones will take the same forms as last year. After a qualifying round by medal play on the Saturday morning, the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each, according to the scores which they return, and the players in each section will play a knock-out competition of their own; the winner of the first eight holds the Trophy for one year, besides winning a valuable prize.

This type of competition has at least one peculiarity, namely, that even if a player tears up his card, he still qualifies in the bottom eight. In every competition to date, less than eight players have failed to return cards; if at a future date more than eight players tear up their cards, it will be the difficult duty of the Committee to decide which of them competes in the last eight but one. This system of qualifying in sections of eight, with the exception of the BYSTANDER meeting, is, as far as I know, unknown in the British Isles, but is quite common in the United States of America. I must say that for a competition of the type of the BYSTANDER Trophy, it has many great advantages.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy (5th Year)

Felixstowe, March 20—21, 1937

Conditions, arrangements and entry form on inside of back cover

Every player, even if he is slightly off his game, must have two rounds of competitive golf, and no less than half the starters are still in their various eights on the Sunday morning. As players can choose their partners in the qualifying round, they are certain of enjoying one round with an old friend or enemy, while the luck of the draw for the match-play stages often brings together two players who have never met before, and has thus on many occasions started friendships which appear likely to last for ever.

The Cambridge Captain Drives

The Cambridge golf side, having lost to Woking and beaten Royal Mid-Surrey in the term's first two matches, moved en masse to Ashridge for a week with Henry Cotton; he is watching Percy Lucas drive, so are G. Morton (white sweater) and Gordon Dixon (cap)

Bobby Locke

A. D. Locke, the South African amateur champion, won the Transvaal Open at Germiston with 72+72+75+67 (=286) from Alfred Padgham's 70+70+75+75 (=290)

The BYSTANDER Trophy meeting has now been played, under the eights system, for a sufficient number of years for nearly all the competitors to know each other personally, and this is due to a very large extent to the draw bringing complete strangers together.

There may be some old supporters who are of the opinion that a change of course might be desirable; if there are any, the Committee will be only too pleased to consider their suggestions for future meetings, but it must be remembered that the following qualifications are essential: the course must be within easy reach of London, it must be at the seaside, and be designed in two loops of about nine holes each, and also there must be an hotel in close proximity which is capable of accommodating the majority of the competitors. If the competitors are spread about in different small hotels, there is no doubt that one of the great charms of this meeting will be lost.

To see the Editor play ping-pong is worth the journey alone, and many would miss this fine sight if the majority of the competitors were not under the same roof.

A SHORT time ago I found myself in a peculiar position on a golf course. I was playing in a foursome, and although our ball was lying on grass on a specially built teeing ground, we were not entitled to ground our club to play it. Of course, this situation could only come about owing to a local rule. What had happened was that we had failed to get hold of our tee shot at the 12th hole at Rye, and although it was admirably controlled and steered as straight as a gun barrel, it not unnaturally lacked length and finished on a forward tee. Now for some reason at Rye there is a local rule which reads: "The ground between the island teeing ground and the tramway line at the 12th and the rutty road parallel with the 17th hole, whether grass or not, are hazards."

The teeing ground on which our ball came to rest was between the island teeing ground and the tramway line at the 12th hole, therefore, according to the local rule, a teeing-ground was deemed a hazard, a really extraordinary state of affairs. This surely must be the only place on any golf course in the world where you are not permitted to ground on a teeing ground, and, strange to relate, the teeing ground on which you may not ground your club has been specially prepared and built up above the level of the surrounding terrain.

This local rule of the Rye Golf Club is entirely unnecessary, as the mode of play on the areas mentioned in it is clearly defined by the Rules of Golf. It is extraordinary how many unnecessary local rules are made, and also how many golf clubs make mistakes in their local rules.

The Rules of Golf are, in all conscience, sufficiently numerous and consequently the only likely results of making unnecessary local rules (especially if these local rules are opposed to the Rules of Golf) is chaos.

There's Entertainment at Monte Carlo

THERE'S no denying it: the English are a spoilt and pampered race. They demand to be amused. They insist on having the best of everything. More—they regard it as their due! And they get it.

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CALENDAR

FEBRUARY — APRIL 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Flower Show, *March 28-April 4*; Dog Show, *April 3-4*; Theatre — Season of Comedies and Operettas in progress at Beaux Arts Theatre. SPORT: Winter Sports—Beuil, Viking Cup and Primrose Cup. International Ski-jumping Competition, *February 21*; Auron, Downhill Race for Grand Prix d'Auron, *March 21*; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis); INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22-28*; EASTER TOURNAMENT (Macomber Gold Cup, Duncan Trophy, Wills Cup), *March 29-April 7*; Monte Carlo Golf Club — SPORTING CLUB CUP, *February 20*; Rivett-Carnac Challenge Cup, *February 27*; Walter de Frece Cup, *March 6*; PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP, *March 19-20*. MUSIC: Concerts — Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Adolf BUSCH, *April 2*; Ruth SLENCZINSKI, *April 7*; Gala of Modern Music — Florent Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII," conducted by Dimitri MITROPOULOS, *April 14*; OPERA Season lasts till *April 10*.

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the " pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

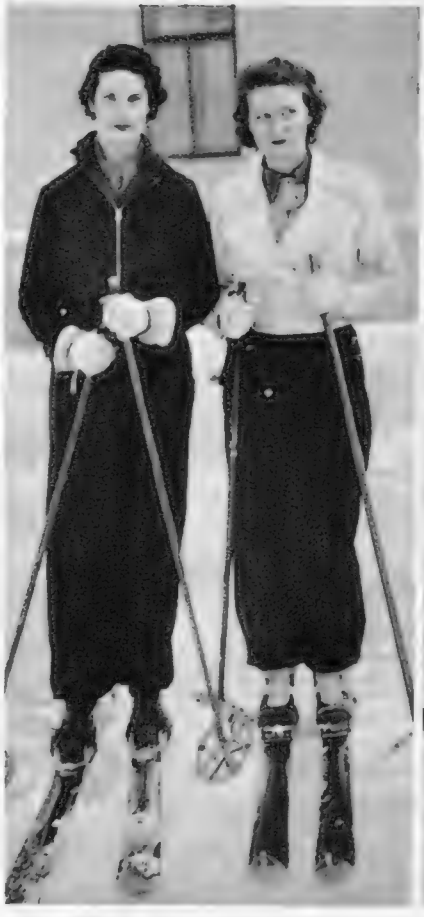
On Both Sides of the Frontier

Swiss and Austrian Snow

ST. ANTON: on the left is Miss Joan Leigh, Mrs. Claude Leigh's sub-deb daughter, with her ski-ing instructor, Hannes Schneider. He is Austria's No. 1 coach and originator, after Bilgeri, of the Arlberg crouch, with its ugly but useful lateral stability

KLOSTERS: the Gadarenes annual dinner went off in the true spirit of winter-sportisme; this tableful shows Mr. Embiricos next to Miss V. Patterson-Brown, Mr. Anthony Hobson and Mr. J. Ruston receiving the attentions of Mr. J. Dyson Taylor, and Miss Katie Owen at this end with Mr. P. Garrit

ST. ANTON: lovely Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger was snapped in a snowstorm and a smart white jacket with a tartan sahri. She was formerly Miss Edwina Price, of New York



ST. ANTON: the Hon. Mary Boot, second of Lord Trent's three daughters, met the photographer during her first day on skis. She is nineteen and with her is Miss Rosemary Cooke

KITZBÜHEL: Mr. John and Lady Cecilia Smiley who were married in December, were spending a winter-sports honeymoon, and she began it by spraining her ankle. This picture was taken just before that happened. She is Clare Countess Cowley's younger daughter

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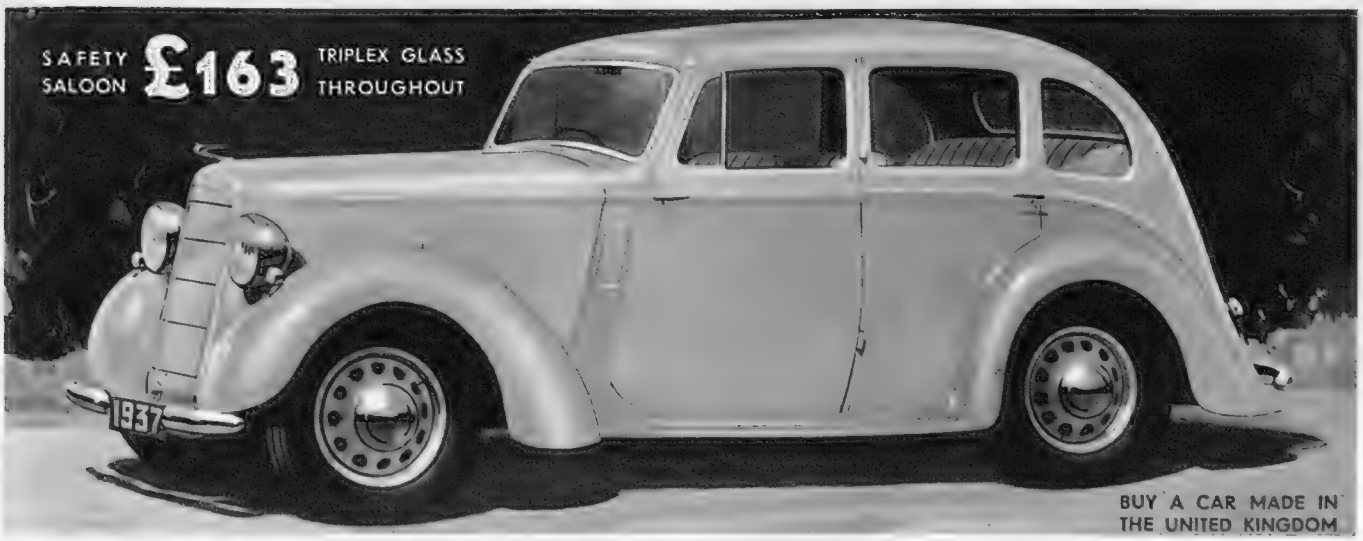

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C.F.H. 178

Mme. Titulescu

The Hon. Mrs. Southwell

Lady Marjorie Hamilton

Sir Gifford Fox

Winter Sports News Reel

M. Titulescu, convalescing at St. Moritz, gave a Challenge Cup for a race organised by the Suvretta Ski Club; he also gave prizes to every competitor. Above are three distinguished starters: Mme. Titulescu was a spectator

Klosters and Mardens Club

THE Diavolezza Cup was competed for in conjunction with the Ladies' Plan da Gorz Cup on January 19th, from the Kreuzweg to the Schiefertobel (Serneus direct). It was snowing slightly, but the light improved just before the race started. There were ten entries for the Diavolezza Cup, which was won by P. L. Waddell (5 min. 6 sec.), who beat T. Cholmondeley Tapper by 10 sec., and Miss Palmer-Tomkinson was third.

For the Ladies' Plan da Gorz Cup there was an entry of six, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson being the winner, Miss H. Blane second, and Miss E. Dobson third.

On January 22nd, the Holdsworth Challenge Cup was run by Marden's Club on behalf of the Davos English Ski Club. The course was from the Weissfluhjoch to the Maierhofertali, and was run in bad light and in much cut-up soft snow. G. Van Keller won in 5 min. 36 sec. from W. Burke, in 6 min. 32 sec. The experiment of placing a control on the bottom glade, in order to prevent voluntary rolling after a fall, was tried and proved successful.

Mürren and the Kandahar Club

AFTER the Christmas holiday's exodus, Mürren has filled up again with even more British visitors. Among them is Lord Lytton, the President of the Kandahar Ski Club, who arrived just in time to judge the skating competition for his cup, which, with the exception of the war years, has been competed for every season since 1911. Lord and Lady Carlow, who are both members of the Kandahar, are spending a ski-ing honeymoon at Mürren, and a newly-elected member of the club is the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, M.P., who is here with his wife.

The Dobson Cup, open to all lady ski-runners, was held on January 18th, over an exacting course, and was won in excellent time by Miss Philippa Harrison, with Miss Beryl Walter four seconds behind her. Fräulein Schaad of the Swiss Ladies' Ski Club who was third, won her club race, which was held here on January 22nd.

Prospective members of the Swiss Ladies' International Team have been training here with Hermann Steuri, the famous Swiss runner. One of the past members of the Swiss team, Mlle. Ella Maillart (Kini), has been racing gallantly in spite of being crippled by rheumatism and lumbago, an unfortunate legacy from the hardships encountered when crossing Tartary with Peter Fleming. Mlle. Maillart is a Gold K., and wears her badge in the Himalayas as well as in the Alps.

Recent Kandahar races have included the John Black Cup, the donor of which, Captain Black, is now in Mürren, won this year by Michael Angas; the Andrew Irvine Cup, a slalom, won by I. K. Munro, from André Brandicourt and Miss Macfie; a Handicap Straight Race, won by Michael Angas, and a Handicap Slalom won by I. K. Munro.

Villars

MAURICE BARTLETT ran well in a good race to win the Macleod Cup, a slalom race for under sixteen year-olds, in 45 min. 8 sec. Of nine starters, S. Fenydoon (the younger brother of the ex-Shah of Persia) was second in 48 min. 2 sec., and P. Keogh third in 50 min. 8 sec.

The Dent du Midi Ladies' Slalom Cup was won in 1 min. 11.2 sec. by Miss Jean Seddon Brown, elder daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Seddon Brown, of Bank Hall, Tarleton, Lancs. Miss Diana Van den Bergh was second in 1 min. 11.4 sec., and Lady Blane third in 1 min. 26 sec.

Miss Agatha O'Loughlin, a deb of last year, won the Taveyannaz Cup, in 2 min. 56.8 sec., from Miss Nancy Watson, 3 min. 9.4 sec., and Miss Jean Campbell, 3 min. 9.8 sec.

The combined straight race and slalom for the Trelawney Cup went to H. Aschaffenburg, who made the good time of 4 min. 15.2 sec. C. B. Binns was second in 5 min. 3.6 sec.; R. I. D. Tetley third, in 5 min. 19.9 sec. Miss E. M. Leverson, younger daughter of Colonel G. F. Leverson, was fourth in 5 min. 21.5 sec., and won the slalom.

The Earl of Lytton

President of the Kandahar Ski Club, he arrived at Mürren in time to judge the skating for the Lytton Cup, which has been competed for since 1911

Viscountess Carlow

Who was Peggy Cambie before her marriage last month to Lord Portarlington's heir, spent part of her honeymoon on skis at Mürren

Mlle. Ella Maillart

"Kini" Maillart's winter-sports activities are known to readers of Peter Fleming's "News from Tartary." She is another at Mürren

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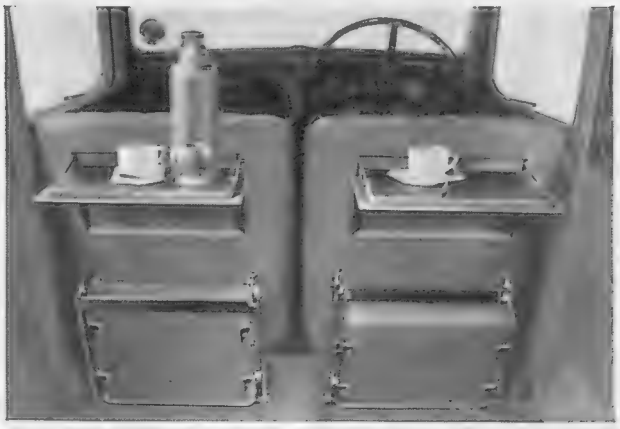

There's room to spare in this saloon and the folding tables are most convenient.

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Have you seen the Austin Magazine for February?

THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

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A cabin for two. Whitney Straight in the pilot's seat, discusses instrument lay-out with F. G. Miles, who designed this touring 'plane. Large orders are in hand from the factory of Phillips and Powis at Reading

The Call of the Air

By Charles Ward

Records and Achievements

More than 23,000 hours were flown at the Air University last year. There are two centres, the parent at Hamble, which was opened by Sir John Siddeley in 1931 and a subsidiary at Ansty, near Coventry. The number of aircraft in use for training is fifty-four, a total that increases almost every month, and includes Cadets for primary instruction, Cutty Sarks and Rangoons for marine work, an Autogiro, a Tiger Moth, a Vega Gull, and an Avro Five used as a flying class-room for wireless pupils. Hamble attracts students from every country in the world, and last year's pupils, numbering 164, represented twenty-three nations. The fact that two of them spoke no English presented only a minor problem, for the instructors are accustomed to coping with most languages. The demand for pilots and engineers trained by A.S.T. far exceeds the supply, and no one who has passed through the long course successfully has failed to secure a job immediately on leaving. The special marine aircraft course for Imperial Airways has been passed by fifty of the more senior pilots, who will take over various commands in the flying-boats now being delivered by Short Brothers. Cassiopeia, the seventh of the line, was launched on a Friday morning and left Southampton Water on its maiden journey four days later, carrying fifteen passengers and a ton or so of mail to Africa. This was the first regular departure entirely by air, eliminating the tiresome train journey from Paris to Brindisi. Deliveries of the Empire boats at the rate of one a fortnight will ensure that this change-over is completed on all services by the early Spring. Brooklands is another of the well-established flying centres that proceeds from success to success each year. The aerodrome is managed by Percy Bradley, who also runs the Track, of course; the flying side is under the direction of Duncan Davis, one of the few pre-war pilots still very much on the active list, whilst Mr. "Tom" Sopwith is Chairman of the Flying Club. Five first solos in the twelve earliest days of January is an unusual occurrence, but that is Heston's contribution to the flying New Year. One of the pupils, Mr. Graham Wigan, formerly an officer in the 13th/14th Hussars, took no more than 4½ hours dual before he was ready for the first flight alone. In the news from foreign parts comes a record for K.L.M. More than 125,000 passengers carried in 1936, which is more than twenty per cent. up on the previous year. The service from Amsterdam to the Dutch East Indies was operated twice a week, and will be extended during this year via Borneo—one of those mysterious places that seems quite well known because of its postage stamps—to Manila and a connection with the American "China Clipper" service to the States.

Planning for Pleasure

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander—

Plans, and again plans. If not for the immediate present, in which plans probably take the form of escaping 'flu, getting the right party for winter sports or a cruise after sun, then for competitions, and yet more competitions, to make gay the golfing year.

Everything is to be bumper, this Coronation year. First with news of what they mean to do are Burhill, and only the fact that it is to be an Invitation meeting would, it seems, prevent overcrowding, so attractive is the programme. But that is just its charm. No horrible starting times that mean lunch at some ungodly hour, or else a mongrel meal that is neither lunch nor tea, but a break in starting times from 11.30 to 12.30, a limit on handicaps and numbers; a driving competition, and approaching and putting, both on the New Course, so that players can fill in time with these while waiting to go off for the medal round on the Old. I seem to have given you these details first, instead of what sounds more important—the date of the affair. But to my mind so many meetings are ruined because nobody has considered these apparently minor details.

Well, the date is Thursday, May 13th, the day after the Coronation; and Lady Carisbrooke has promised to come and present the prizes, which will add just the right touch for that auspicious week, and will delight not only those to whom she is already a golfing friend, but also the players from overseas, to whom she is only an honoured royal name. For some overseas visitors will be amongst the special guests, and so will the most distinguished of our own golfers, the club's own list starting off with five Open Champions (Lady Heathcoat-Amory, Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Pam Barton), and invitations from club members including all the other 1937 medallists and internationalists from the South, with a watchful eye kept open for anybody else of great note who may be in the neighbourhood.

A very gala day indeed, and the prizes are to match.

Coronations or no, the *Star* Tournament shines on for ever, and this year the management are expecting an even bigger entry than usual, and so are very wisely getting things going earlier. Entries must be made by February 13th, to Miss Stringer Verriers, Worth, Sandwich; play in the divisional stages begins on or after March 1st, and end by October 16th, finals during the last week of that month.

Camberley Heath are the holders for the first time, and there is no doubt that everybody will be up and at them, all taking courage from the fact that Camberley never won till last year, so why should not somebody else fresh win this year? Entry, of course, is confined to clubs within a forty-mile radius of Charing Cross, and the very necessary condition obtains that "only members who pay the normal annual subscription are eligible to play, except in the case of those who have been hon. life members prior to 1930." Competition to play in a *Star* team is so keen on the part of players, and to win on the part of clubs, that naturally something has to be laid down, lest those of the climbing variety should be tempted to confer honorary membership on distinguished players who have no real connection with them, simply to secure them for their *Star* team. That could only end in an undignified scramble for players, which would entirely spoil the spirit of a competition which is one of the best and most enjoyable of the whole year.

As for our own activities, the first entry form for Bystander Northern Foursomes will appear here in the issue of February 17th, and play is at Birkdale, April 13th-16th. You have been warned. Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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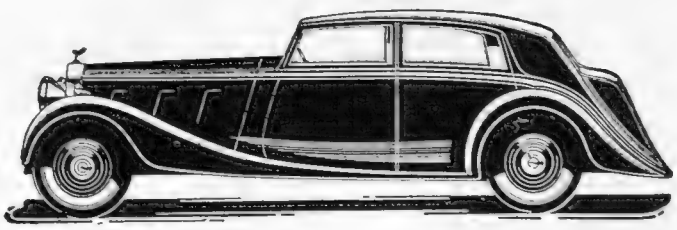

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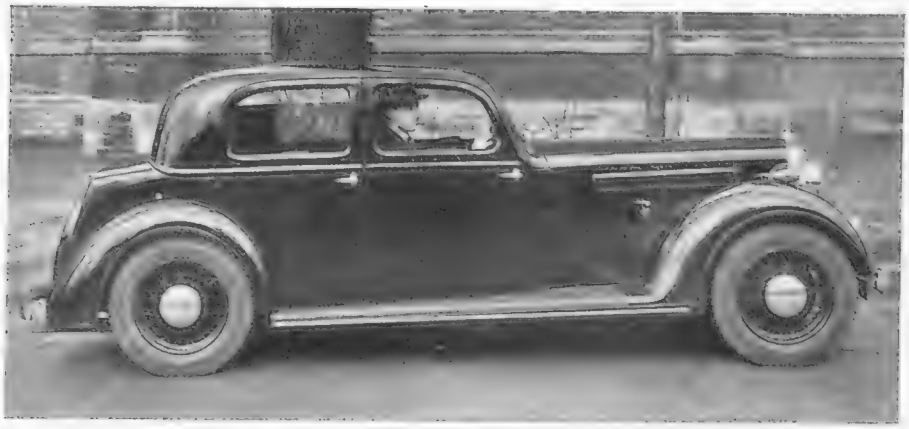
Cars with a Personality: By The Earl of Cardigan

The 16-h.p. Rover



The 16-h.p. Rover is a remarkably good-looking car, chiefly on account of its admirable proportions. Having a fairly long wheel-base, it does not have to indulge in an unsightly over-hang, either fore or aft

Here is a first-rate idea. There is a useful cubby-hole to the left of the instrument panel, and beneath it is a tray in which a number of tools are carried—a sort of mechanical first-aid outfit

THERE are some cars of which it may be said that they create an immediately favourable impression. They are greeted by the motorist, in his own phraseology, with the commendation: "A nice-looking job!"

To be a "nice looking job," a car must have attractive lines, and especially it must be well proportioned. It need not—indeed, it should not—be "flashy" in appearance. It should rather have a workmanlike look about it, underlying its outward elegance. Its interior should contain everything that is practical—nothing that is merely pretentious.

These general rules have been admirably observed by the Rover Company. As a result, the new 16-h.p. model can hardly fail to have a favourable reception. It looks good—even before one begins to study it in detail.

ON the road it can safely be said that the driver is in no way disappointed. The six-cylinder engine, with its overhead valves, is highly efficient, as well as being very smooth in operation. Without any apparent effort, it is able to take the car along at 55 m.p.h. in third gear, while the top-gear maximum is a good 75 m.p.h.

The transmission system is most interesting, quite apart from the fact that it includes a free-wheel. When the free-wheeling mechanism is disengaged—i.e., when the car is running with the transmission "fixed"—there is apparently no further fool-proof mechanism, such as synchro-mesh, to simplify the business of gear-changing. None the less, all

(Concluded on page vi)

CUSTOMS THAT TIME HAS HONOURED

THE ANOINTING SPOON

The anointing of English Kings at their coronation dates from the middle of the 8th Century when it was introduced by Egbert, Archbishop of York. The gold Anointing-spoon, fashioned with two hollows in the bowl to receive the fingers of the officiating prelate, is probably the sole existing relic of original English regalia.

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A sore throat is often the forerunner of Influenza, Tonsilitis, Diphtheria, the common cold and other complaints, which are caused through germs entering the system by way of the nose and throat.

At the first sign of a sore throat gargle several times a day with Sanitas (1 part Sanitas to 2 parts warm water) until all signs of irritation have disappeared.

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Well, you know what I mean—his old man's bought one and the cheeky blighter goes swanking all round the school, that is, Smithy does. Lots of fellows hang round his neck so they can scrounge a ride next time old Smith turns up. 'Course I shouldn't mind a lift myself, but just because Riley's won the T.T. once or twice doesn't mean to say Smithy could win it, does it? . . . Oh, well, dad, I know our old iron goes all right. I was just sort of telling you. Er—Mother says you thought a new car . . . well, no, she didn't exactly tell me to say anything to you . . . well, not about Smith's Riley . . . I just thought . . . Oh, Dad, will you REALLY!

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Models:
9 *h.p.* (*Tax* £6 15 0) *from* £275
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15 *h.p.* (*Tax* £11 5 0) *from* £380
Every Riley has Pre-selectagear for easy gear change, an automatic clutch, the Lever-free front, inter-axle seating, Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass all round. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry.

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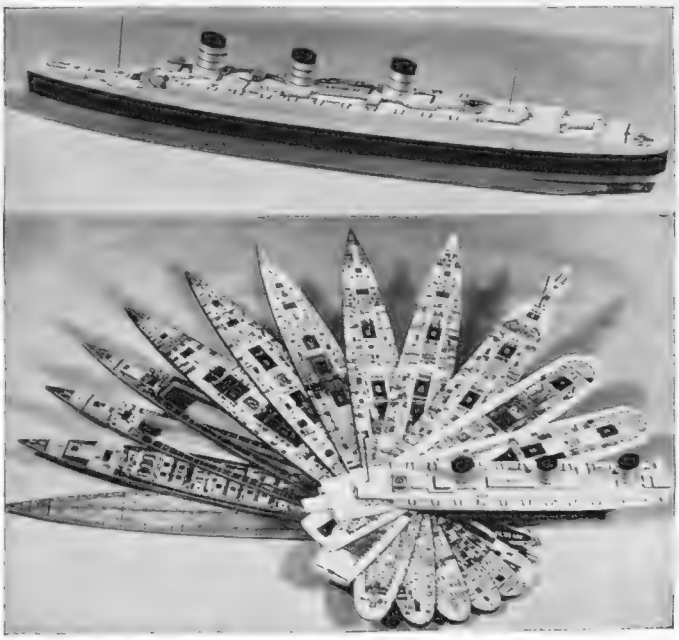

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The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6. Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra; Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

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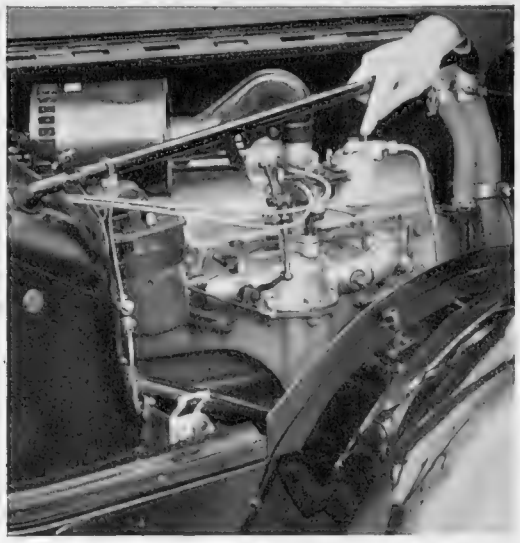
Dr. Scholl's TOE FLEX.

The luggage boot is of useful size. This panel is removed to uncover the spare wheel. When it is replaced, a platform is available for additional items of baggage

There are deep foot-wells at the back, so that passengers have plenty of leg-room. The amount of head-room also is ample, thanks to the clever design of the coachwork



The engine is a highly efficient over-head-valve unit. A good minor point (on left) is the clip which holds the bonnet in this raised position

Cars with a Personality

(*Continued from page* iv)

gear changes are quite exceptionally simple. It is a revelation to find that a "plain" gear-box can be so completely free from difficulty.

With the free-wheel, of course, one gets 100 per cent. fool-proof gear changing, and except for stopping and starting, it is not even necessary to use the clutch. The change-over from "fixed" to "free" transmission is easily achieved by the turning of a knob, so that the car can be made to "coast" at the discretion of the individual driver.

GOOD road-holding is a feature of this Rover model, and the springing, which is semi-elliptic at front and rear, gives comfortable riding at all speeds. The steering is particularly good and definite, while the brakes are of the Girling type and, without being fierce, are of very great stopping power.

The coachwork, besides being attractive in style, is cleverly planned so that four passengers can be seated luxuriously, with plenty of space at their disposal. The chassis is long enough to carry also a large rear luggage boot, without any unseemly overhang. With so many virtues included—and no discernible vices—the price is decidedly reasonable at £345.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 3 — February 9

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—The impressive historical with Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is now at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Simple, strong production by Tyrone Guthrie with Laurence Olivier's splendid active Prince; the play in its entirety: Old Vic, 7. Sat., 1.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, opposite Louis Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's lovely play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

UNCLE VANYA.—Chekhov returns to the Westminster Theatre, with Cecil Trouncer (of course) as the doctor, Harcourt Williams as Vanya, Alexis France as Sonya: 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL FUN AND FOLLY.—Robitschek's new variety has Bébé Daniels, husband Ben Lyon, and Nellie Wallace as high lights, Vera Nargo as commère: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Cochran's Coronation revue, by A. P. Herbert, has Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar and Nelson Keys in the lead: Adelphi, 8.15.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 88.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour, Gertrude Musgrove, and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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BEHIND YOUR BACK.—Mary Glynne, Marjorie Mars and Esmé Percy head the cast in Charles Landstone's comedy: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Involves a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 8. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Leslie Banks leads in this comedy with a social significance, supported by C. V. France and Adrianne Allen: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

THE ORCHARD WALLS.—Henry Sherek presents Merton Hodges' adaptation with Irene Vanbrugh, Sophie Stewart and Arthur Sinclair: St. James's, to-night, 3rd.

BECAUSE WE MUST.—Vivien Leigh, Alan Napier, Ann Casson, Ann Firth in this country comedy: Wyndham's, Thurs., 4th.

ON YOUR TOES.—Musical comedy with Jack Whiting, Gina Malo and Olive Blakeney: Palace, Fri., 5th.

CINEMAS

BELOVED ENEMY (British).—Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne in a post-war Irish story not up to *The Informer* standard: Leicester Square.

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ (American).—Fred MacMurray and the dulcet-voiced Gladys Swarthout in a mixture of jazz, opera and huge sets; Paramount's silver jubilee production: Plaza.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsome Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

DREAMING LIPS (British).—Bergner's English version of *Der Träumende Mund*, with Raymond Massey and Romney Brent: London Pavilion.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Horbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

O.H.M.S. (British).—Wallace Ford, John Mills and Anna Lee lead in a story with Chinese bandits and the British Army as a background: Tivoli.

REMBRANDT (British).—The Old Master-piece with Charles Laughton as the painter in a slow but attractive story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Revival of Thalberg's last picture with Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer as the lovers should be seen: most successful screen Shakespeare to date: Empire.

SENSATION (British).—John Lodge's third picture over here is a murder mystery from a Fleet Street angle: big supporting cast: Regal.

SWEET ALOES (American).—Kay Francis scores with a tender performance in Diana Wynyard's stage part, supported by George Brent: New Gallery.

Premieres

THE GREAT BARRIER (British).—Big occasion this, in aid of the Safer Motherhood Appeal; Queen Mary promised to attend opening of Gaumont's new cinema; film is a Canadian railway story with Antoinette Cellier and Lilli Palmer: Gaumont, Haymarket, Thurs., 4th.

MAZURKA (Austrian).—Forst directed, Pola Negri stars in this film with a big reputation from the Continent: Curzon, Thurs., 4th.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—To-night, 3rd, 6.45.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Thurs., 4th, 8.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Sat., 6th, 2.30.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 6th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CASSE NOISETTE, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Fri., 5th, 8.30.

GISELLE, GODS GO A-BEGGING.—Tues., 9th, 8.30.

AGNES DE MILLE.—Recital by the American dancer-diseuse.—Mercury, Mon., 8th, 8.45.

BALLET RAMBERT.—Three weeks' season under Marie Rambert's direction opens at the Duchess on Mon., 8th.

MUSIC

Orchestral and Chamber

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—Beecham conducts with Gieseking as soloist; Haydn, Delius, Sibelius, Grieg (piano concerto in A minor): Queen's Hall, to-night, 3rd, 8.15.

LENER QUARTET.—First of six Beethoven recitals Wigmore Hall, to-night, 3rd, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Landon Ronald conducts, Vera de Villiers and Albert Sammons are the soloists; Elgar programme: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 4th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 7th, 3.15.

WOOD SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Queen's Hall, Sun., 7th, 3.30.

COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERT.—Sargent conducts, Silk, Jarred, Nash, and Falkner are the soloists in a choral concert; Bach's "Sleepers, Awake," Beethoven's Mass in D: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 8th and 9th, 8.15.

SHOWS AND SPORT

SHIRE HOSE SHOW.—Agricultural Hall, Islington, to-day and to-morrow, 3rd and 4th.

OPEN POLICE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Albert Hall, to-night, 3rd.

WALES V. SCOTLAND RUGGER INTERNATIONAL.—Swansea, Sat., 6th.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Phyllis Kettlewell

Is the younger daughter of Canon P. W. H. Kettlewell and Mrs. Kettlewell of Buckland, Aylesbury, and has announced her engagement to John Rutland Newman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Newman, of Weston-Turville, Aylesbury

Lafayette

Esther Matthews

Is the only daughter of the late Sir John Bromhead Matthews and Lady Matthews, of 8, Mayfield Road, Boyne Park, Tunbridge Wells; she is engaged to Francis Herbert Tate, son of the late A. H. Tate and Mrs. Tate, of Chaleshurst, Chiddingford, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Jocelyn Saunders

Is the only daughter of Commander F. P. Saunders, of Pitt House, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Saunders; she is engaged to Lt.-Col. R. Mould Graham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of Glenhurst, Corbridge, Northumberland

Catherine Bell

Audrey D'Alton

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Frank D'Alton, of 7, Lexham Gardens, W.8, and is engaged to John Marriner Redmayne, only surviving son of Sir Richard and Lady Redmayne, of The Grove, Great Baddow, Essex

Catherine Bell

Geraldine Burke

Is the only child of Major and Mrs. Denis J. Burke, of 3, Sydney Place, S.W.7, and is engaged to Philip Cross, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cross, of The Hermitage, Totland Bay, Isle of Wight

Fayer of Vienna

Monica Ray

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Ray, of 23, Collingham Rd., S.W.5, and South Africa, and has announced her engagement to Dr. Reginald Lightwood, of Greenhays, Sanderstead, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Eileen Heriz-Smith

Is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. G. V. Heriz-Smith, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Heriz-Smith, O.B.E., of Oakleigh, East Grinstead, and is engaged to Capt. Oliver Woodhouse, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Woodhouse, of Blandford

Lenare

Greta Klein

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Klein, of 42, Grove Park, S.E.5, and is engaged to Paul Biermann, son of the late Mr. Biermann and Mrs. Biermann, of VI Andrássy Ut, 21, Budapest, Hungary

Lenare

Lettice Lane

Is the daughter of the late J. H. H. V. Lane, of King's Bromley Manor, and the Hon. Mrs. Lane, of Redlands, Thakeham, Sussex; she is engaged to Richard Whitling Crawshaw, son of Mr. R. Crawshaw, of Selwyn House, Broadstairs

Lenare

Myrtle Gilmour

Is the younger daughter of the late Douglas Gilmour and Mrs. Gilmour, of Brimpsfield House, Brimpsfield, Glos., and is engaged to John William Hathorn, R.A.F., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hathorn, of Johannesburg (South Africa)

Kay Vaughan

Garry May Goodwyn

Is the elder daughter of Mrs. Goodwyn, of 16, Laurel Road, Wimbledon, and Kingstanding, near Burton-on-Trent, and is engaged to Edmund Colchester, son of the late Rev. W. E. Colchester and Mrs. Colchester, of 10, Kingsgate Street, Winchester

Lenare

Sylvia Lilian Kekewich

Is the only child of the late Capt. Hanbury Kekewich and Mrs. D. Page-Turner, of Hove, and granddaughter of Mrs. L. P. Kekewich, of Peamore, Exeter; she is engaged to Arthur Tudor Darley, only son of the late Comdr. A. T. Darley and Mrs. O. Hunt

Chilver — Graves

Richard Chilver, younger son of the late Arthur Chilver and Mrs. Chilver, of 28, Sussex Gardens, W.2, and Elizabeth Graves, only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Philip Graves, of 5, Hereford Square, S.W.7, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

van Schuylenburch — Millett

Jonkheer Ingolf van Schuylenburch, son of Jonkheer W. A. W. van Schuylenburch van Wisch, of Terborg, Holland, married Margaret Millett, at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Millett, of 21, Holland Villas Road, Kensington

Mrs. Reginald Catt

Before her marriage last Saturday at St. Clement Danes to Reginald Catt, Mr. and Mrs. George Catt's son, she was Miss Billie Baker; well known on the wireless, she will return from a short honeymoon in Paris for a television engagement

Hammerton — Pipon

Jack Hammerton, only son of the late Stephen Hammerton, South African Police, and Mrs. English, of Hitchin, Herts., and Anne Pipon, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. G. Pipon, of 32, Cadogan Place, S.W., were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Weatherall — Coutts Trotter

Henry Edward Weatherall, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Weatherall, married Prudence Coutts Trotter at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the daughter of the late Sir Murray Coutts Trotter, Chief Justice of Madras, and Lady Coutts Trotter, of 28, Argyll Mansions, W.14

MacDonald — Banaz

Alister Gladstone MacDonald, the elder son of the Lord President of the Council, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Mrs. Doreen Mayberta Banaz had a quiet wedding at the Caxton Hall Register Office. The bride is Mrs. Geraldine Towndrow's daughter

French — Hasslacher

The Hon. Hubert John French, seventh son of the late Lord and Lady de Freyne, married Mary Hasslacher at Brompton Oratory. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hasslacher, of 3, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11

Fishbourne — Harrison

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Joseph Fishbourne, Fifth Fusiliers, only son of the late Lt.-Col. C. E. Fishbourne and Mrs. Henry Shakerley, of Sor Brook, Adderbury, Oxon., married Jean Harrison, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Harrison, of Prospect, Morant Bay, Jamaica

Gilkison — Hair

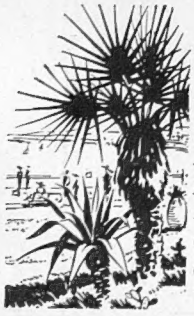
Charles Anthony Gilkison, son of the late Capt. D. S. Gilkison and Mrs. Gilkison, of 14, Stanford Court, S.W.7, and Thelma Hair, daughter of the late Dr. Allan Hair and Mrs. Hair, of 91, Hillfield Court, N.W.3, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Summer PLAY in WINTER SUNSHINE

At Cannes

The beach at Cannes, bedecked with gaily-coloured parasols, is bathed in day-long sunshine and echoes merrily with the voices and laughter of happy "sun-worshippers." Golf, tennis, yachting and polo .... carnivals, fêtes and Casinos .... will ensure for you an unforgettable holiday at *any* resort on the Riviera.

French Riviera



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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fifth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 20th and 21st, 1937

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: S. H. R. Hornby
(Burnham & Berrow G. C.).

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 20th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 20th will be posted to each competitor by March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the **Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale.**

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 19th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 20th and Sunday, March 21st

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with.....in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(*Strike out one of these.*)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(*Signed*).....

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